LOOKING FORWARD

To most decent Americans, brought up in he tradition of "Sh, the servants will hear you, ieorge!" there is something at once disreputable nd fascinating about families who quarrel in pub-ic. It is tenement manners. It smacks of the queasy uagmire in which the tabloids mess about. And et so fascinating is any display of pure, unvar-ished human nature that as a rule we stand and isten, no matter how late the hour or threatening he weather. The most amazing character I ever eard speak—for I never saw her, since her voice ame floating down an apartment house well—was a lady who spoke in a high, acidulous tone to some nvisible opponent, "I may be a bum, but I never ook up with no traveling salesman!"

If the unexpected view of human nature o arrests our attention in even the sordid quarrels f the tenements, what must be said for a family ow so magnificent as to claim for its scene the rawing rooms of royalty and as its servants' hall he newspaper readers of the world? How can here fail to be interest in a royal family which, ar from smothering its quarrels when the servants nter, gives the intimate details of all its disagree-ents to the public in the form of thousands and housands of mimeographed sheets to the news-apers?

Apparently it is through no accident that he name and affairs of King Carol of Roumania ave been trumpeted to the world. Nor is the gen-ral impression of the present Roumanian monarch nd his mother, Queen Marie, a result of any melo-ramatic hounding of the family by European ellow journalists of the five star final type. In-tead, newspaper publicity has apparently been hrown by the family itself—in the place of rockery. Reputations instead of lamps have been it and destroyed. And there has been very little ccident about it all.

Konrad Bercovici's story, "Royal Intrigue n Roumania," which starts in this issue, is like searchlight turned on the Roumanian court. It akes clear many things which have puzzled news-aper readers ever since the World War brought Marie and her country into view. And, amazing nd ridiculous as much of it is, it will prove well orth reading just for the facts it so clearly re-eals.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

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and Independent

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Next Week in the Outlook

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.
The second installment of the serial, entitled "The Black Spider Spins a Web," tells of the intrigues of Prince Shtirbey in opposition to the heir apparent and in favor of Queen Marie.

The Suicide of Radio. By Marshall Kernochan.
An article on the rising tide of listeners' revolt against squawking, crooning and advertisers' ballyhoo on the air.

Big Bill the Builder. By Lewis Hunt.
A story of William Hale Thompson of Chicago—and what happened to him in the Chicago mayoralty election last Tuesday.

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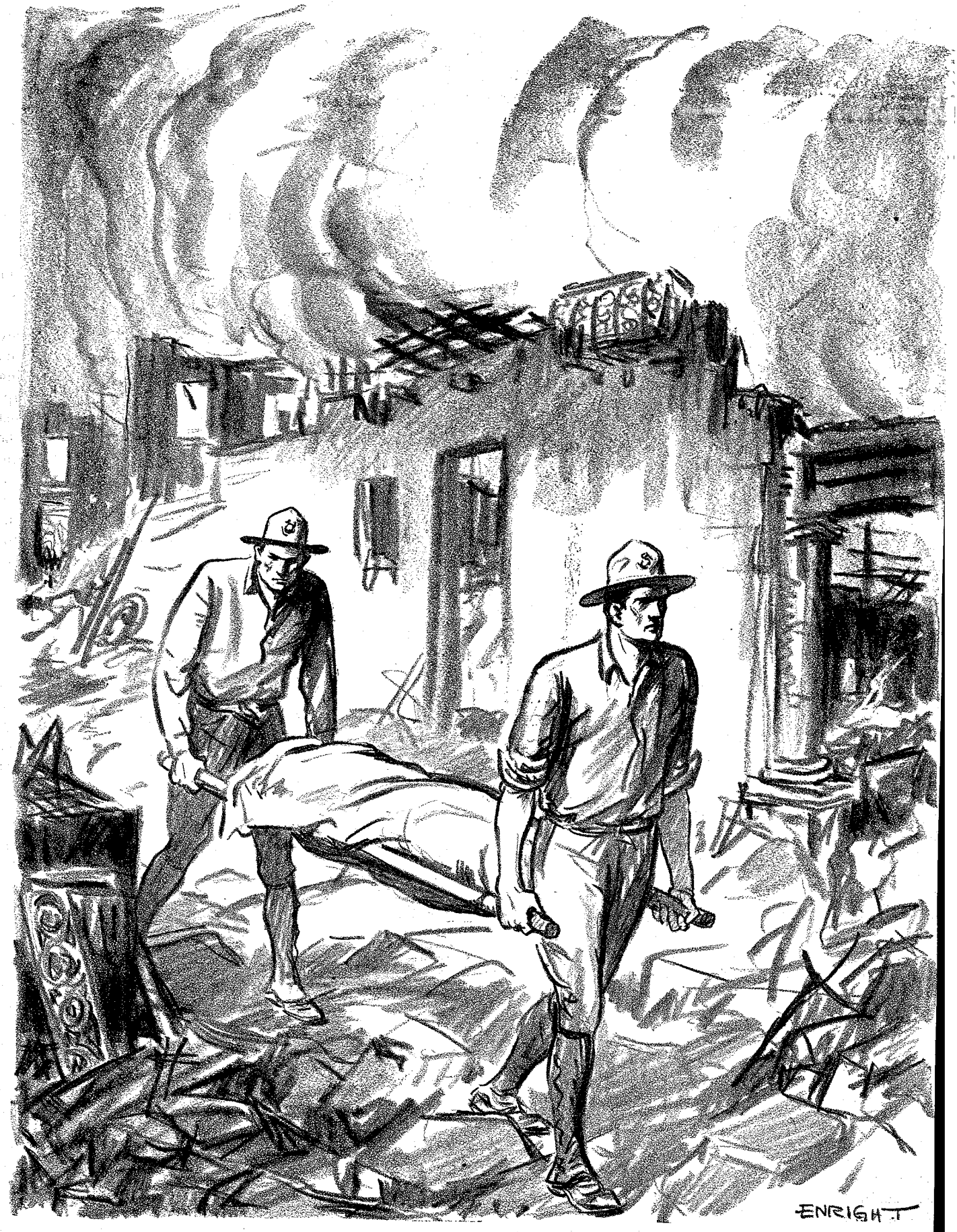

"THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND"

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

April 15, 1931

Trend of the Week

Not Applying

EARLY in March the Republican National Committee decided to organize a special council to tell the armers how much the Administration ad done for them. On March 30 the epartment of Agriculture reported that ıe general index of farm prices as of larch 15 was 31 per cent lower than ıe 1930 level and but 91 per cent of ıe pre-war level. Three days later the rain quotations from Chicago showed ɔw crop wheat selling at the lowest rice since 1896, corn at the lowest since)22 and oats at the lowest since 1911. nd on the following day the Depart-ent of Agriculture disclosed that the ılue of the nation's agricultural ex-ɔrts during the eight months ending ı February 28, 1931, was $400,000,-)0 below that of the previous year; at there was not only a drop of $56,-)0,000 in the value of wheat exports ıd of $228,000,000 in the value of ·tton exports but also sizeable de-eases for twenty-two other principal ,ricultural products.

This, therefore, is written merely to arn the Republican National Commit-e not to ask us to serve on its farm uncil. We couldn't think of anything say. In fact, if we had to take the b we don't believe we'd say any-ing. We'd just stand out there in the ıeat belt waving a big American flag.

The Fall Case

HE penultimate straw by which Albert Fall might save himself from jail s been swept away by the Court of ɔpeals in the District of Columbia. ı April 6 the court handed down a animous decision upholding Fall's nviction in 1929 for accepting a $100,-)0 bribe from Edward L. Doheny in e infamous Elk Hills oil lease case. ence, unless his appeal is successfully rried through the Supreme Court, he will spend a year in jail in addition to paying a fine of $100,000.

Now one may try to figure out why Doheny should have been found innocent in 1930 of giving a bribe which Fall, a few months before, was found guilty of receiving. Nor is this the only puzzle in the oil cases. While Fall was Harding's Secretary of the Interior, Doheny and Sinclair corporations received, respectively, leases on Elk Hills and Teapot Dome oil reserves. Both reserves have been recovered by the Government, which brought civil suits for that purpose, yet Fall, Doheny and Sinclair have been acquitted of charges of conspiring to defraud the Government.

It is now too late to muster much indignation over the oil scandals. But there is piquancy in the thought that the former Secretary of the Interior will appeal to the highest court, presided over by one of his fellow cabinet officers who was appointed by another.

Marines at Managua

THE earthquake and fire in Managua, capital of Nicaragua, showed the United States Marines at their best. Shocking as the disaster was, with hundreds injured, thousands killed and thousands of others homeless, it would have been more so but for the Marines. To list what they did is to list what was done in those first hours of misery. It was they who led the rescue work, fought fire with dynamite, provided first aid for the injured and surgical operations for the gravely hurt. It was the Marines' camp which became Managua's place of refuge and their food which fed the hungry. It was the Marines who drove ambulances through the destruction, superintended the search for bodies, set up water stations, enforced martial law, held the situation in hand until additional relief arrived and, in short, brought order out of chaos. It is the Marines who deserve the credit and they deserve well-nigh all of it. "They have done wonderful work," said President Moncada. "To them we offer our heartfelt thanks."

It may be too much to say that they have wholly erased the bad name which the United States had won by landing Marines in Latin-America. Yet in appeasing Latin-America's feeling against interference from Washington the Marines at Nicaragua were more valuable than a hundred good-will tours or a thousand honeyed manifestoes. Latin-Americans are emotional. It will not be easy for them—it would not be easy for any one—to forget the sight of Marines bearing a kinsman on a stretcher.

The Nicaraguan Canal

IN THE wake of efforts to relieve the distress in Managua there arose one problem for Nicaragua and another for the United States. So complete was the destruction that Nicaragua wondered whether to rebuild the city or establish the capital elsewhere. In the end the question probably will be decided by cold economics.

The second problem turned upon the effect of the quake on proposals that the United States dig an interocean canal across southern Nicaragua, where a lake and a river present an enticing route. These proposals had been pending in Congress for eighty years before the Senate ratified the treaty of 1916 which granted the United States exclusive right to construct the canal. When, two years ago, it had become questionable whether the Panama Canal could handle the traffic in store for it, Congress authorized a survey of the Nicaraguan route. Borings were being completed at the time of the earthquake, though the survey report, completed several months ago, showed that the canal was entirely feasible.

Doubtless many opponents of the Nicaraguan canal will use the earthquake as an argument against it. How-

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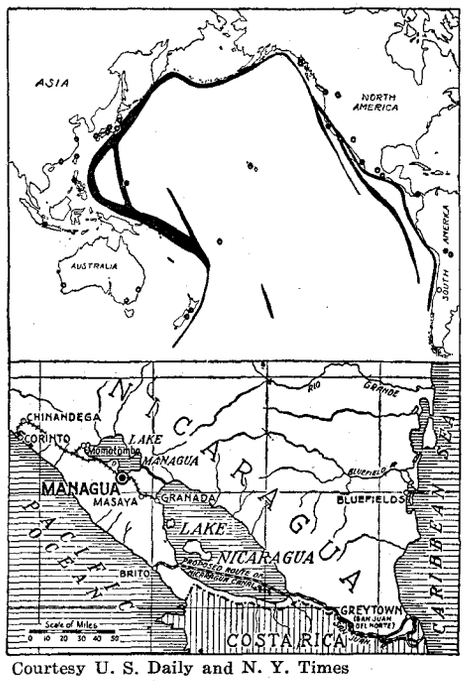

Courtesy U. S. Daily and N. Y. Times

EARTHQUAKE AREAS

Upper map shows earthquake region in black with dots for major tremors since 1910. Lower map shows Managua and route of proposed Nicaraguan canal

ever, according to Sydney B. Williamson, chief of the civilian engineers on the board of survey, Nicaragua since the Spanish conquest has had fewer major earthquakes than the Panama region itself—forty-two as against fifty-one. The earthquake menace, virtually the same for both routes, is, he says, in neither case serious enough to justify abandonment. In fact, the disaster at Managua is an argument for the Nicaraguan canal rather than one against it, since it indicates that the ownership of two canals probably would prevent our control of interocean traffic from being destroyed by a single earthquake.

▶▶*Raskob on Sound Ground*

JOHN J. RASKOB'S letter to the members of the Democratic National Committee has been called bad politics on the ground that it will cause a wet-dry quarrel in the Democratic party. It might, as plausibly, be called good politics on the ground that a clash between the party's wet majority and the dry minority is inevitable and that if possible it should be started and settled before convention time. But good politics or bad politics, the letter is sound statesmanship. If Mr. Raskob is "an amateur in politics," then politics needs more amateurs.

What, essentially, is he trying to do? He is trying to make his party stand for something and to make its platform mean something, as parties and platforms nowadays generally do not. He wants his party to avoid the dubious prohibition position toward which it has lately seemed to be heading—the position of running a wet candidate on a dry or non-committal platform, so as to satisfy the wet East and the dry South alike. His hope is that the platform will pledge Democrats in Congress to vote for the submission to the states of the "home-rule plan" he described before the National Committee in March. Briefly, this would amend the Eighteenth Amendment so that wet states could be wet while dry states would have the coöperation of the federal government in remaining dry. In short, he wants the party not only to nominate a wet candidate but to adopt a wet platform. He thinks that is the honest way, as it is, and he thinks that is the best way to win, as, again, it is.

It has been charged that Mr. Raskob is seeking to have the Democratic committee rather than the convention write the platform. But, as he points out, according to the rules of the party it is not only the right but the duty of the committee to recommend policies to the convention, and that is all he is asking it to do. His letter is merely a summary of the policies—particularly the prohibition policies—he wishes the party to advocate and a request that the committeemen submit the policies they wish it to advocate. When the committeemen send in their own suggestions, as presumably they will, these will be tabulated and the result will constitute the committee's recommendations as to party policies. Hence Mr. Raskob will have his way much as if the committee had voted on such recommendations at its recent meeting in Washington, as he desired. For "an amateur in politics" Mr. Raskob seems to be getting things he wants and to want things worth getting.

▶▶*Why Not Parachutes?*

THERE can be no doubt that the airplane which crashed in Kansas, carrying Knute Rockne and seven other passengers to their deaths, took the prestige of commercial aviation temporarily down with it. There can be no doubt that a few more fatal airplane accidents involving passengers as prominent as Rockne would seriously retard the growth of commercial aviation in the United States.

It may be quite true that in the lon view the tragedy in Kansas, howeve shocking, must seem but a minor in cident in the development of a great ne means of transportation. It may be quit true that commercial aviation is now s soundly established that, according t Department of Commerce figures, fort seven American companies flew 1 million miles over 108 domestic rout in the last six months of 1930, carryin 189,000 passengers. It may be quite tr that the Department's statistics show record of millions of miles flown on a scheduled American-owned passeng airlines in a half-year period with b one fatal accident, involving two passe gers.

None of this makes much impressi on the man in the street who remembe that Rockne is dead and remembers h he died. It is useless to tell such a m that his feeling of skepticism about co mercial aviation is unjust and that has no such profound reaction to ra way, automobile or steamship acciden as to accidents in the air. What he fee he feels, and arguments, facts and fi ures of this sort will not alter his feeli that Rockne's death proves airpla travel to be dangerous.

To some extent, nevertheless, the p tential air traveler's fear and unce tainty might be overcome by eviden that everything possible was being do to insure his safety. For example, might be overcome by supplying co mercial airplanes with parachutes, to worn at the option of the passenger, has been suggested by Will Rogers, w next to Lindbergh is perhaps the m

Wide World

PLANS A PLATFORM

John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democra National Committee

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nfluential press-agent aviation ever had. n some cases the parachute might be iseless, in others it might be useful only

eystone

THE MAN THEY GOT
eo V. Brothers, convicted of the Lingle murder in Chicago

r a passenger sitting near an exit—incidentally, might not the number of exits : increased?—but, as Rogers says, "It least gives you a chance that you ıven't got otherwise." His suggestion unds like a good one. A passenger with parachute would probably be somehat safer, and feel a great deal safer, an a passenger with nothing more to an on than a vague knowledge that cerin inspections had been conducted and gulations complied with so that he ight complete his journey without misp.

▶"Overshoes" for Planes

r THIS writing the specific cause of the ockne plane crash had not been deterined. Indeed, Anthony Fokker, degner of the plane, remarked after amining the wreckage that he did not pect to be able to find the cause. Mr. kker, however, was one of the many *ıo said that ice, forming on the wings,* ıy have played a part in producing the saster. The Department of Commerce so reported that ice had formed on the ngs, though it used this fact and others construct a theory that ice probably rmed on the propeller hub of the right tboard motor, that a substantial piece this ice broke off, hit the propeller ade and broke it, and that this in turn used a shock which wrenched off the ng found a quarter-mile from the selage.

Whatever harm the formation of ice the wings did to this plane, it is own to have wrecked many others. ence the importance of a comparaely obscure news item, of the day be- e the Rockne crash, reporting that wing "overshoes" to prevent serious ice formation had been developed and successfully tested at Akron, Ohio, by the Goodrich Rubber Company, the National Air Transport, Inc., and their research associate, Dr. William Geer of Cornell University. The "overshoes" are pouches of specially treated rubber, fitted over the leading edges of wings and struts. Connected with a motor-driven air pump in the cockpit, they are inflated and deflated at will, the breathing itself causing the ice to crumble away before it becomes dangerously heavy. Should the contraption prove as effective for commercial aviation as the tests indicated it might, another serious hazard will have been overcome.

▶▶End of the Lingle Case

CHICAGO civic and religious leaders are said to be pleased with the conviction of Leo V. Brothers for the murder of Alfred J. Lingle, Chicago *Tribune* police reporter. If so, they are easily satisfied. Assuming that justice to be effective must be efficiently administered, must be speedy, must be certain and must carry a penalty to fit the crime, there is nothing encouraging in the Lingle case.

Lingle was shot and killed on June 9, in the heart of Chicago. Despite the resultant hullabaloo—with a police commissioner forced out of office, the newspapers defying the underworld, civic organizations issuing front-page statements and hundreds of criminals arrested and promptly released—Brothers was not apprehended until December 21, more than six months after the murder. Meanwhile, other suspects had been rounded up, but in no instance was the evidence sufficient to warrant a trial.

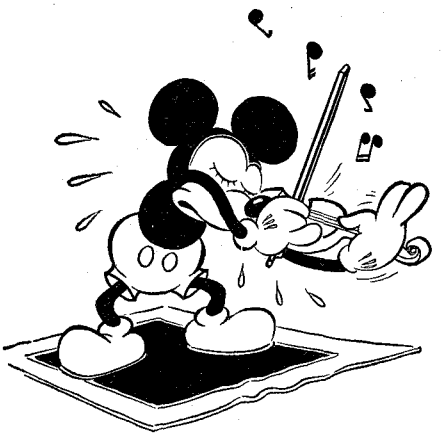
Eventually, on March 16, Brothers was brought before a jury. The defense charged that he was being framed and the prosecution, making no attempt to prove a motive for the murder, sought to identify him as the man whom witnesses had seen at the place of the crime. After twenty-seven hours of deliberation the jury brought in a guilty verdict carrying a penalty of fourteen years in the penitentiary, with the defendant eligible for parole in eight years and three months.

How any one can be satisfied with that outcome of the case it is very hard to see. If Brothers committed the murder, or if he was present and aided and abetted in the murder, eight years in prison is an absurdly light punishment. If he did not aid in or commit the murder, the eight-year penalty represents a flagrant miscarriage of justice. Either way, the outcome is nothing in which Chicago's civic and religious leaders can take pride. In fact, the entire story of the case might well be capped with the title, "What's Wrong with American Justice."

▶▶Mickey Goes to Law

MICKEY MOUSE thumbed his fine elastic nose at rival animated cartoons as long as possible, confident that they couldn't hold a candle to his, anyway. But now that it has reached the point where fans send him protests against ineptness and occasional vulgarity in the cartoons of his rivals, which they have mistaken for his, Mickey has gone to law. A mouse has to protect his reputation; besides, there is Minnie to think of. Walt Disney Productions, Inc., creators of Mickey Mouse and "Silly Symphonies," have filed suit against Pathe Exchange, Inc., and the Van Buren Corporation of New York asking for an injunction to prevent them from further use of animated cartoon characters "in any variation so nearly similar as to be mistaken" for the original Mickey and Minnie and their India ink companions.

Whatever the merits of his case, one can understand Mickey's indignation. Mickey has always been pure; the most the censors ever demanded of him in the way of delicacy was that his cow's udder be deleted, and this was quickly done. Imagine his consternation, then, when he heard the report that a shameless hussy in a rival cartoon, said to be so like Minnie as to be taken for her by



Walt Disney Studios

MICKEY AS VIRTUOSO

one of Mickey's fans, had embarrassed the audience by losing important garments. This feature of the case, alone,

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is enough to make the blood pound in the veins of those thousands of Americans for whom the Disney cartoon is often the one tolerable period in an evening at the talkies. We suggest that if Mickey has a sound case he retain Clarence Darrow to plead it and if necessary carry it to the highest tribunals. And then we hope and pray that the Walt Disney Studios will give us a cartoon of Mickey doing it.

▶▶*Defeat in Connecticut*

WHAT OBSTACLES obstruct the enactment of sensible laws regulating birth control were strikingly revealed in Connecticut when the General Assembly defeated a bill to modify the statute now in force. The Connecticut law, perhaps the most stringent in the nation, is simplicity itself. It absolutely prohibits the use of contraceptives and by implication, at least, makes the doctor who prescribes them and the druggist who sells them accessories to the crime. The modification proposed was by no means radical. It merely provided that when, in his opinion, the health of a patient would be endangered by pregnancy, a licensed physician might prescribe contraceptives.

It seems only reasonable to safeguard the public health by empowering physicians to make use of their professional knowledge, but reason played small part in the decision of the General Assembly. The Catholic Church did not openly enter this controversy, but it was not obliged to; the legislators were fully aware of its position. Reluctance to incur its disfavor and eagerness to win its approval were perhaps the chief factors in determining the outcome. Moreover, Democrats from the cities with their large Catholic populations found willing allies in Protestant Republicans from the small towns, whose remarks on the bill disclosed all the familiar ignorance and intolerance.

None the less, advocates of the bill are not without hope. For the first time, their measure was favorably reported by the Judiciary Committee and the vote in the Legislature showed a gain on the side of liberality. In 1929 a birth-control bill was defeated in the House of Representatives by a vote of 226 to 18; this year the vote was 172 to 76. Again, the attitude of the press was generally hospitable, with correspondents of papers representing the rank and file mainly favoring a change in the law. Probably it will be only a matter of time until Connecticut gives legal recognition to the customs of the great majority of its citizens.

▶▶*Fairy Tale Come True*

HORATIO ALGER still lives. Bryan Untiedt, plucky thirteen-year-old boy who fought death-laden sleep from his companions and wrapped his own clothes around them during the blizzard tragedy in Towner, Colorado, has been invited to the White House to visit President Hoover. As soon as he recovers from the frozen arms and feet he suffered during

Keystone

HERO OF THE HOUR
Thirteen-year-old Bryan Untiedt in hospital at Lamar, Colorado

the thirty-six hours he and his twenty-one schoolmates were imprisoned in a snowbound school bus, Bryan will ride in a Pullman to Washington. He will be dressed in new clothes furnished by enthusiastic merchants. He will be met by a presidential limousine. He will sleep in the very bed occupied by Lindbergh —yes, Lindbergh—after his return from Paris, and will tour Washington with a secret service escort.

Deservedly the most admired boy in America, Bryan is also one of the most enviable. He is enviable as all human beings are enviable who have the moral strength to be brave when the need arises. He is enviable as all are enviable whose most lofty aspirations are realized, whose fairy tales come true. To be the invited to the White House, goal of the American boy's grandest ambitions. To be the personal guest of the President of the United States—to every American boy the king of the world. To walk where the great Lincoln walked, and not to have or to mind the though that the less great Harding walked ther too. To be of an age when every Pres dent is a hero and none is ever an op portunist putting the welfare of himsel and his party above the welfare of th country and surrounded with dubiou "practical" politicians plugging for h and their political advantage.

"O youth! The strength of it, th faith of it, the imagination of it!" Ma Washington's sun shine brightly fo Bryan Untiedt and the cherry blosson blow softly along the Potomac!

▶▶*Cooling-Off Period*

DURING THE HEIGHT of the bellicose o position to the proposed Austro-Germ customs union the League of Natio proved a useful instrument for peac Though seized upon by France a Great Britain as a rock on which break the Austro-German plan, t League turned out to be a safety-valv

What France and Great Britain d manded was that work on the custo union be deferred until the League Council could determine whether it vi lated provisions of post-war treati prohibiting the political fusion of Ge many and Austria except on the Cou cil's consent. What Chancellor Brueni and Foreign Minister Curtius of Ge many replied was that the custo union did not violate the peace treati and that there was no occasion for t Council to bother about it. This attitu was clearly, though not admittedly, r versed on March 31 when Dr. Curti announced that Germany would not o ject to or withdraw from discussion the Council of the legal aspects of t dispute, though she still held that su discussion was unnecessary and wou merely prove that the customs union d not violate the treaty provisions.

Germany's final decision may ha been prompted by various factors—h weakness on the field of war or h strength on the Council, where her vo can probably prevent any drastic acti during the discussion to be held in Ma In fact, about all that can be expect from the Council is a recommendati that the customs union project be su mitted to the World Court. Yet su action would extend the value gained referring the dispute to the League— value arising primarily through the o portunity offered both sides to cool o It is true that this cooling-off peri may merely postpone the final confli but it will at least give the opposi

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powers a chance to look for a compromise.

➤➤*Sun Power*

Cautious scientists have often said that man might discover a way to obtain power from sunlight without intermediate machinery before the exhaustion of the world's coal supply, about 4,000 years hence, or might be forced to go on using up his coal supply and then abandon his industrial civilization entirely. Incautious scientists have risked the prediction that sun power would be found within a century. Now a German physicist has apparently answered both by laying sun power before them. Dr. Bruno Lange of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, Germany's Carnegie Institution of research, has discovered a method of converting the energy of sunlight into electricity without moving a mechanism. For many months a small electric motor at the Siemens Halske Company, one of Germany's largest electrical manufacturers, has been running on the current generated in a little plate of metal no larger than the palm of the hand.

Dr. Lange's method has nothing in common with the familiar crude means of deriving energy from sunlight. His is a photochemical or photoelectric effect in which the electrons in his copper oxide cell, directly affected by light, are set in motion that is converted into electricity. Previous attempts went something like this: Mirrors focussed sunlight on a boiler, steam was made, the steam ran an engine, the engine turned a dynamo and the dynamo generated electricity. The loss at each stage was so great that the end-product was an extremely small fraction of the original energy. Dr. Lange's discovery short-circuits all this. The sunlight falls on a cell or "sandwich" consisting of a layer each of copper oxide, silver selenide and a metal whose identity is a secret, two wires go from this and the electricity generated is available then and there for use.

The photoelectric cell, or "electric eye," that marvelous apparatus now so well known because so widely applied, does exactly the same thing, but generates electricity so feebly that the currents must be amplified many times before they are large enough to use. The Lange discovery amounts to a new kind of photoelectric cell at least a hundred times as efficient. This brings it within range of practical large-scale power generation. Since 5,000 horsepower of solar energy fall on every acre of sunlit earth, the possibilities of the discovery loom large. An area the size of Rhode Island would supply more power than all the wheels and machines in the United States consume.

➤➤*New York in the Tub*

If New York City does not get the scrubbing of its life within the next six months we shall be very much surprised. With the scrubbers mostly Republicans and the scrubbees mainly Democrats, it should be an Homeric clean-up. There is nothing like political ambition to make relentless champions of purity, tireless wielders of brush and soap.

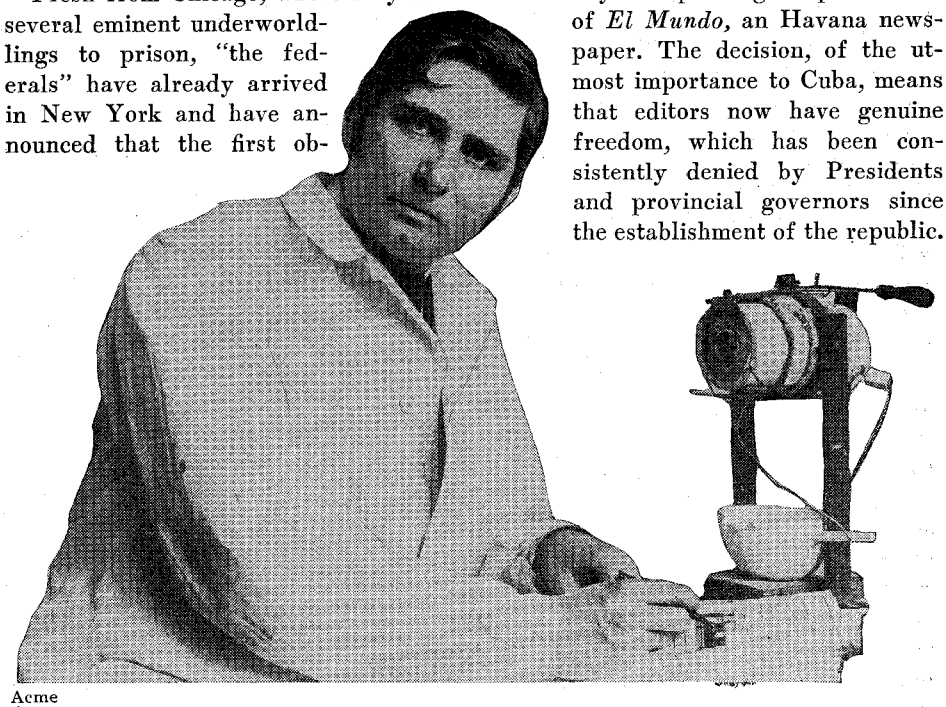
The scrubbers will work in two groups, one state, one federal, both predominantly Republican. One group will be the committee of the state legislature which will investigate every corner of New York City's government. The other will consist of federal prosecutors and federal revenue agents and accountants. The first group will seek to discover corruption. The second will stand eagerly by to see whether those responsible for the corruption have paid their federal income taxes. Theoretically, the primary purpose of the internal revenue men will be to hunt down tax evaders among New York's gangsters and racketeers. Actually, it will probably be to hunt down evaders among the city's policemen, judges and other public officials.

Fresh from Chicago, where they sent several eminent underworldlings to prison, "the federals" have already arrived in New York and have announced that the first objects of their investigations will be two former city magistrates and a former building inspector. If these agents of the national Administration were efficient in Republican Chicago, how efficient they will probably be in Democratic New York, particularly when the Governor of the state may be the next Democratic candidate for President. The legislature's investigation of New York City will be dramatic in itself. With the federal government assisting it should be doubly dramatic and doubly useful in the Republican plan of exposing Tammany's every misdeed and then identifying Roosevelt with the Hall in the mind of the average voter.

Since evidence is so readily available at banks and brokerage houses, federal tax cases are comparatively easy to make. We may therefore expect to see many a New York official haled into court to explain the extent and disposition of his income. Many people, of course, will cry "Politics!" at thought of a joint federal and state Republican investigation of this kind. But no one can deny that it promises to give New York City the kind of thorough housecleaning it needs.

➤➤*Fundamentals in Cuba*

Dr. Mario Lazo, a young American lawyer in Cuba, has just won from the Cuban Supreme Court a unanimous decision that President Machado exceeded his constitutional rights in his decree of January 9 suspending the publication of *El Mundo*, an Havana newspaper. The decision, of the utmost importance to Cuba, means that editors now have genuine freedom, which has been consistently denied by Presidents and provincial governors since the establishment of the republic.



Acme

MORE POWER TO YOU

Dr. Bruno Lange, German scientist who converts sunlight into electricity

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By this decision Cuba has taken a step nearer the solution of the political troubles which, since last summer, have kept it in an uproar of bombings, riots, street fights and arbitrary retaliations, seizures, military trials and suspensions of constitutional rights. The step, coupled with a case about to be taken before the Supreme Court involving the right of habeas corpus proceedings and trial of civilians by military courts, so weakened President Machado's hand that on April 2 he sought an accord with his opponents which has been in process of negotiation on and off all during the period of disturbance. At best, however, a truce would merely provide some of the "outs" with political posts, thus forming new political alliances which in time would result in a new opposition and more turmoil.

Cuba's disorder arises from fundamental causes which have been aggravated by the sugar depression. One cause is the division of lottery collecturias, or tickets, among congressmen and other officials who pocket the difference between the wholesale and retail prices. The long terms of congressmen —seven years for Representatives and ten for Senators—provide a second disturbing factor which intensifies the scramble for office and for a share in collecturias often worth from $300,000 to $600,000 a term. The long terms also tend to make the Cuban government unresponsive to public feeling and powerful leaders are able to create machines which are hard to break. Finally, dishonest elections have made the creation of a political autocracy comparatively easy and its overthrow almost impossible except by violence.

The importance of the freedom-of-the-press decision lies in the fact that the Cuban newspapers may now campaign for these much-needed reforms. The difficulty is that the editors may not seize their opportunity, as they themselves often seek plums among the luxurious rewards of Cuban politics.

▶▶*Roosevelt as a Wet*

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York is wet enough to satisfy any reasonable person. Those wet Republicans and Democrats who have been seeking an excuse to oppose him and finding one in the charge that he is a half-hearted wet will now be obliged to look elsewhere. When Governor Roosevelt signed the Cuvillier bill on March 31 he took the last bit of wind out of wets who had refused to recognize him as one of them.

If Governor Roosevelt had not wished to, he need not have made his anti-prohibition position doubly plain by signing the Cuvillier bill. He might defensibly have vetoed it for the reason that it demands an impossibility. The Cuvillier bill asks Congress to call a constitutional convention to submit to the states a recommendation that the Eighteenth Amendment ("and no other article of the Constitution") be repealed. But, as the Governor points out, such a

Photo by Bob Davis

DR. MARIO LAZO
Whose case for El Mundo has established the freedom of the Cuban press

convention would be empowered by the Constitution to propose any other changes it desired.

Governor Roosevelt signed the bill partly because, though faulty, it does express the overwhelming sentiment in New York State for immediate action to change the Eighteenth Amendment. In the main, as he says, this sentiment is "based on two righteous and sane objectives: First, to eliminate the fundamental source of the greater part of modern, organized crime, and, secondly, to promote greater temperance. To this policy, as I have repeatedly stated, I subscribe."

He could scarcely be more outspoken. It is encouraging to see him go out of his way to commit himself on the prohibition issue when so many politicians are going out of their way to avoid it.

▶▶*His Recent Record*

In view of the disputes that have raged over Governor Roosevelt's prohibition attitude, it may be useful to review his recent record. Though he said little about prohibition in 1928, it was reasonable to assume that as the principal supporter of the wet Al Smith he was a wet himself. Less open to question was the fact that in 1928 he ran for Governor on a state platform advocating modification of the Volstead act and amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment. Only during the period from November, 1928, to September, 1930, did he act so as to encourage doubt of his prohibition stand, refusing to state his attitude on one occasion and on another stating it ambiguously. We can find no significance in the tactical manoeuvre of the New York State Democratic Committee in opposing any vote on prohibition at the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Washington.

It was in September, 1930, during his campaign for reëlection, that Governor Roosevelt issued the statement which should have quieted the fears of the doubters, of whom we were one. "The Eighteenth Amendment," he said straightforwardly, "has not furthered the cause of a greater temperance in our population, but, on the other hand, quoting from language used in a resolution adopted by the American Legion, it has 'fostered excessive drinking of strong intoxicants' and has 'led to corruption and hypocrisy,' has brought about 'disregard for law and order' and has 'flooded the country with untaxed and illicit liquor.' I personally share this opinion." He added that control over intoxicants should be restored to the states, with dry states permitted to be dry and wet states wet.

F. Scott McBride knows what he is about when he says that Governor Roosevelt is not a satisfactory candidate for President from the viewpoint of the Anti-Saloon League. The Governor has now gone so far in his opposition to prohibition that he could not retreat even if he wished to, and the statement he issued on March 31 shows that he does not wish to.

▶▶*Our Trade With Russia*

The Department of Commerce chose a good time to publish statistics on our 1931 trade with Russia. On April 2, when the figures were issued, the

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Remarkable Remarks

Recently the Outlook announced that it would ffer prizes for the best Remarkable Remarks ent in by Outlook readers—$5 for the one judged est, $2 each for the next seven chosen, and $1 ach for as many more as were adjudged worthy f inclusion in the column. As a result of the uplications which have inevitably occurred the ules of the contest have been modified, in fair- ess to readers living at a distance, as follows:

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

***All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book,* the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.**

All Remarkable Remarks submitted in competition must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

The best Remarkable Remarks in this week's competition appear below, together with the names of the Outlook readers who submitted them.

The present profound industrial depression is a symptom of maladjustment n our national life.—HERBERT HOOVER.

George H. Banning, 128 W. 12th St., New York, $5.

At present few people want a boom, ut they do desire a substantial improvement in all the markets.—WILLIAM O. CROGGS IN THE OUTLOOK.

Miss Lilly M. Bergh, Wyanet, Ill., $2 prize.

I have found that the desire to drink s particularly conspicuous under three ifferent mental conditions: (1) When he individual is unusually happy . . . . 2) when he is bored or fatigued . . . . nd (3) when he is worried or unhappy. —RICHARD R. PEABODY.

Harold T. Pulsifer, 455 East 51st St., New York, N. Y., $2 prize.

Prohibition has been a huge success n the United States.—SEN. SMITH W. ROOKHART.

Mrs. Barbara T. Brown, Box 5006, Balboa, Canal Zone, $2 prize.

I want peace, and I'm willing to live nd let live. I'm tired of gang murders nd gang shootings.—AL CAPONE.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

The primary desire and the primary usiness of women is to attract men. —PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

J. B. Deariso, 2122 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., $2 prize.

I'm convinced that the best thing about s women is our nuisance value.—ELSIE OBINSON.

Mrs. H. F. Owens, 941 Schoonmaker Ave., Monessen, Pa., $2 prize.

There is no such thing as a necessary vil; if it is evil it is not necessary; if is necessary it is not evil.—DR. ERNEST . CHERRINGTON.

Miss Mary James, 740 Edmonds Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa., $2 prize.

I never heard the crowd boo or hiss a mer, and I have heard plenty of boos fter a strikeout.—BABE RUTH.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $1 prize.

Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at e right time . . . . a tactful man can ll the stinger from a bee without getng stung.—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

R. B. Bogart, Box 336, Knoxville, Tenn., $1 prize.

The salesman of the future must do a rger part of the prospect's thinking r him.—R. W. BABSON.

A. M. Lisler, 3827 P., Galveston, Texas, $1 prize.

There is a difference between sliding wnhill on your toboggan, and dragng it uphill.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Mrs. George P. Moller, 132 New York Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $1 prize.

hooner Anversoise was still some miles f Providence, Rhode Island, bound om Leningrad to the United States ith a cargo of lumber. The Russian hooner may provide a test of the reasury Department's recent order ohibiting the importation of all lumr and pulpwood from northern Russia less the American importer, thousands miles from the source of his supply, n prove that the goods have not been touched by convict hands.

As we have previously pointed out, there is grave danger that the Treasury's embargo, together with the activities of the Fish committee and similar manoeuvres, will seriously injure Russian-American trade. Russia's natural disposition will be not to buy here if she cannot sell here. Indeed, on March 12, the All-Union Soviet Congress, the body which elects Russia's Parliament, instructed the Soviet government to "take measures restricting imports from countries barring our exports."

How serious the withdrawal of Russia as a customer would be to the United States the Department of Commerce figures indicate. They show Russia as the only nation which bought appreciably more from this country in January and February, 1931, than in January and February, 1930. Russia bought 36 million dollars' worth of American goods during the first two months of this year as compared with 31 million dollars' worth in the same period last year. The value of our trade with other countries, however, suffered sharp declines not to be explained away by the fall in commodity prices. Germany, for example, bought 53 million dollars' worth of our goods in the first two months of 1930 and only 34 million dollars' worth in the first two months of 1931. In February of this year Russia was the world's third largest purchaser of American goods, having taken a place ahead of both Germany and France.

Inspired partly, perhaps, by evidence of hostility toward her in the United States, and partly by the attractive terms she is now receiving in Germany and Italy, Russia has nevertheless begun to look elsewhere than to America for the machinery and other necessities required in her five-year plan. Now is the time for Americans to destroy their trade with Russia if they wish to, as some of them apparently do. A few more embargoes by the Treasury Department, a few more Red-hunts by Fish committees, and the thing may be done. That, to be sure, will not hurt Russia much, but it will hurt the United States, and this, one supposes, must be the aim of those who deplore our trade with Russia and ask us to cut off our nose to spite our face.

▶▶ *Australia Pays Up*

THE State of New South Wales in Australia has become the black sheep of the British family, which is proud of its record of paying its debts to the last shiny shilling. Under its Labor Premier, John Thomas Lang, New South Wales refused point-blank to pay London banks some three million dollars interest on bonds of the state. What saved the British reputation was not reproof from the mother country but prompt action by Labor Premier Scullin of Australia. Rather than have a de-

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fault on the British escutcheon, Mr. Scullin prepared to make prompt payments of the interest from funds of the nation as a whole.

Following this action quotations on the New South Wales bonds mounted back to their old position and the incident devolved into a family quarrel between the commonwealth and the state. Mr. Scullin will resort to the courts to force New South Wales to meet its obligations. Outside the courts, he may make the most of an agreement between commonwealth and state whereby the former annually pays the latter a sum greater than the defaulted interest. The situation drips with politics, the ambitious Mr. Lang being chief among those who have for months urged debt repudiation as a means of squeezing both state and commonwealth out of a serious economic plight—the result not only of world-wide depression, which has helped to shatter the price of Australia's wool and wheat, but equally of her peculiarly combined tariff and labor policies and her heavy borrowings abroad. Fortunately for Australian credit, this movement has been checked.

But for the short shrift made of the defaulter, there would have been great consternation in London. Also, we dare say, there would have been almost equal consternation in Washington, though our own federal government has steadfastly refused even to discuss payment on the bonds repudiated by our Southern states, even though those bonds were authorized following the Civil War by state legislatures maintained in power by federal bayonets.

▶▶*In Brief*

Mr. Raskob suggests that the Democratic party "develop some scheme of farm relief which will redound to the benefit of our whole country." Why stop there? Why not develop one which will redound to the benefit of the whole world? . . . And now, Mr. Hoover, how about a letter to your own National Committeemen, urging them to recommend straightforward policies, particularly on prohibition, to the next Republican National Convention? . . . . Bernarr Macfadden has bought the weekly magazine *Liberty* and F. P. A., columnist of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has said all there is to say on the subject in a sentence—"You don't suppose that Mr. Macfadden will rechristen it *Loverty*?"

Unemployment Insurance

An Editorial

For the first time, with the appearance in Mr. Raskob's letter to the Democratic committee of a plea for some form of unemployment insurance for the nation, there comes into the field of national political discussion practical recognition of the fact that our land of individual opportunity proposes no longer to "laugh off" the unemployment problem in this country, but instead proposes to do something definite about it.

People, however, who have not followed the subject and who therefore expect this "something" to be in the nature of immediate relief for the 6,000,000 men who have lost their jobs are doomed to disappointment. For even the most casual survey of the problem discloses the fact that it is going to be a long and arduous task even to find the right solution of it, to say nothing of the time that will be necessary to put into practice whatever plan that may be adopted. Stated in its simplest form, unemployment is of three distinct kinds: seasonal, cyclical and technological. Seasonal unemployment we have had with us for so long as to be impressed with the necessity of stabilizing the job wherever possible in normal times. And a fairly encouraging beginning has been made here in a few lines of more or less standardized goods familiar to most of us. In addition, in scattered plants in different fields, various plans of unemployment compensation have been voluntarily put into effect by far-sighted employers.

At the present rate, even with other assistance and in normal times, the problem of seasonal unemployment alone, economists assert, will not be voluntarily solved for many years. When there is added the huge unemployment caused by a cyclical business depression such as we are experiencing now, and the recurring and increasing technological unemployment resulting from the introduction of improved machinery both in industry and agriculture, it is clear that a definite and immediate attack must be made now upon the problem, no matter what methods are used to bring back prosperity itself or increasingly to minimize the effects of cyclical depressions by balancing production and consumption and adjusting the hours of labor. Unforeseen shifts in domestic demand will continue to produce unemployment —as they have in recent years in suc industries as cotton, woolen, coal, pia and stove—changes in world marke will upset the best of plans; and ne inventions will continue to make the i dustrial world one of change instead standardization.

Steps, therefore, in the direction unemployment insurance must be take And yet, even once this is granted, it obvious that we have only admitted mere willingness to face the situatio We have not yet taken any real steps solve the problem; no matter how ma economists introduce insurance pla into state legislatures, or how ma governors agree that something mu be done. For beneath all plans so f proposed lies the fear that whatev steps we take may put us in the pr dicament which England and Germa now find themselves—the dole.

Nor is the fear entirely without bas in fact. Experience in Europe has sho definitely so far, that in all unemplo ment insurance plans which are n solely the product of business itself, a a joint enterprise of employer and e ployee, lies the danger of getting t government, state or federal, into t business of supporting the people; a of putting a premium upon idleness.

With millions of men in this count out of jobs—men who desire passio ately to work—this may seem like callous view of a pressing human pro lem. Corporations for years have l aside sums in anticipation of times wh dividends may be difficult to pay. W should they not set aside funds for lab in precisely the same manner? We s no reason why they should not. Nor a reason why it should not be made co pulsory by law. But in any national state plan of unemployment insuran it is at least of as great importance th the subject be approached with the most caution as that all plans be amined with speed and something d inite be done at the earliest opportuni

At the present moment critics of t English system are of the opinion th the national character is being und mined by an unemployment insuran plan in which emergency relief is extricably mixed with a pure unemplo ment problem. Germany is rapidly a proaching bankruptcy because of the nancial strain imposed upon industry her system begun many years ago, a

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never designed to stand the weight of such long continued depression. Since in the end there can be no solution for unemployment which does not look toward fitting a man back into a job at the earliest opportunity—which in short is not based upon the ability of society to provide a man an opportunity to earn his own living—all American plans for unemployment insurance should keep this remorselessly in view.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THEODORE JOSLIN, the new member of the White House Secretariat, has inaugurated an experiment upon the personality of President Hoover which, besides arousing tremendous interest among the Washington press corps, may have a distinct political effect. The young Bostonian, we hear, is trying to break down the barrier of reserve which, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Hoover has erected between himself and humanity. It is due largely to the ex-newspaperman's efforts that the public has been regaled with stories of the transformation which has come over the President since his trip to Porto Rico. So far as we know, Mr. Joslin is the first member of the Secretariat to sense that "the Chief" needs to be humanized rather than deified, publicized rather than prayed over.

It is about time that somebody close to the President awakened to the fact that Mr. Hoover must be built up for the 1932 campaign. It may be too late to recapture the friendship and the admiration which the press men, and a good part of the public, felt for him when he entered the White House, but the attempt should be made. Mr. Joslin is, we imagine, the man to make it, because, as a working correspondent until a few weeks ago, he knows the low esteem in which the whole White House establishment has been held by his former fellows. We do not mean to judge between Mr. Hoover and the group of men who are entrusted with reporting on his doings to the public; we simply recount that he has been cordially disliked, for quite definite reasons, by the White House writers and photographers. They have, with some exceptions, we know, missed few opportunities to insert unfavorable material in their articles anent the Administration.

Childish as it may seem, certain of the photographers extended the feud to members of the President's family. Their zeal may have been due to the enterprise which the camera men display in their work, but we are informed there was also a touch of mischievousness, if not malice, in their sport. We refer to the days when Mrs. Hoover began to ride horseback. Although the White House expressly issued an injunction against any pictures, several of the boys concealed themselves behind the White House shrubbery and shot the scene without any thought of the presidential prohibition. In fact, we understand they took care to make sure that the pictures would be unflattering to the First Lady.

Marcus in The New York Times

"Just a-fishin'"

A small coterie of writers, with the apparent approval of their editors, deliberately set out to make life miserable for Mr. Hoover. They dedicated themselves to the discovery of news which would embarrass him, politically, and pain him, personally. They chuckled each time they were able to penetrate what appeared to them to be a certain spirit of smugness and satisfaction in Mr. Hoover. Several times, notably when they told how Marines built his Rapidan camp and of his son's connection with an airplane company which had obtained lucrative air mail contracts from the Post Office, they heard Mr. Hoover denounce their stories as "the most foul and unfair attacks ever perpetrated against the President of the United States." On another occasion they thought themselves entitled to disregard White House rules of secrecy, and they exposed his effort to deny that his handling of the famous Wickersham report made him out to be a dry. In short, the relations between press and President have been quite unsatisfactory to both parties. It has been, for the most part, war.

Mr. Joslin, of course, is aware of this situation. We have frequently heard him express dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoover's attitude. In his despatches to the *Boston Transcript* he sometimes let himself go in a proper and puritanical way, and placed his finger on the sore spots we mention. He knew, too, that his predecessor, George Akerson, was partly responsible for the misunderstanding. Mr. Akerson made little effort to serve as liaison man between the correspondents and "the Chief." He was much more interested in his new and gay life as a member of Washington society than in his job. He rarely knew the presidential plans or thoughts, and so he guessed at them. His guesses were usually erroneous, and the newspapermen, when blamed by their offices for their bad judgment, held Mr. Hoover responsible. Moreover, Mr. Akerson early grew discouraged over the possibility of humanizing his boss; he tried it for years without much success.

But the breezy Bostonian seems to have discovered the key to the President's character. It may be, too, that the approach of an election has softened Mr. Hoover. Whatever the cause, Mr. Joslin spends many minutes with the Chief Executive each morning—he gets to work much earlier than Mr. Akerson ever did—and he has fairly authoritative statements and news for the writing fellows at his 10 o'clock conference. If questions arise during the day, he is not afraid, as was his predecessor, to take them to Mr. Hoover for answer.

Mr. Joslin is also given the credit for several little stunts designed to make Mr. Hoover a less forbidding person. We understand he suggested that Bryan Untiedt, the boy hero of the Colorado blizzard disaster, be invited to the White House as a reward for his courage. It was he who dug up the intimate item

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that Mr. Hoover is less economical with telephone calls than was Calvin Coolidge. With an eye for what the press calls "human interest" stuff, Mr. Joslin may yet win back "the good press" the President enjoyed when he was a mere Cabinet member. He certainly needs it.

A. F. C.

The Week in Business

▶▶*Taxomania in Ad-Land*

ACTING with their usual wisdom and foresight, legislators in several of our states are working for a tax on advertising. Running true to form, they have managed to come in at the psychological moment, launching the big idea when business needs advertising more than ever before.

Governor Huey P. Long (the big corn pone and pot-likker man) thinks that a tax of 15 per cent on newspaper advertising would be about right for Louisiana, but thus far he has failed. The Missouri idea is to place all newspapers and periodicals carrying paid advertising matter under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission. New York is also flirting with the possibility of classifying advertising as a public utility. North Carolina wants to impose a 2 per cent tax on the gross income of all newspapers.

Outdoor advertising is under fire in nearly half of the states. In some cases the agitation arose from a demand for regulation, but in the minds of many legislators there appears to be no clear distinction between regulation and taxation. New Jersey adopted, last year, a tax of three cents per square foot on all outdoor advertising, and many other states are now considering bills virtually identical with the New Jersey law.

Direct mail, we suppose, will be the next target. Then radio, and sponsored motion pictures, and so on. Altogether now, legislators! Let's give advertising a good sock! If we don't, it may revive business, and that would be just too bad!

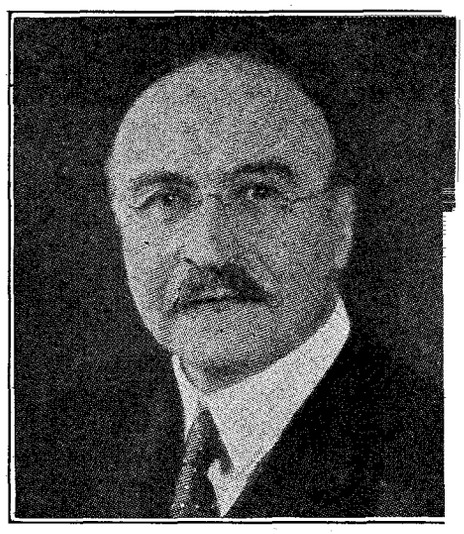
▶▶*Baekeland and Bakelite*

BESIDE Charles R. Flint and Henry S. Dennison in our Business Hall of Fame we place a third figure, whose name is perhaps not so well known but whose chief invention, or discovery, is now used in every civilized country of the world.

The man—Leo Hendrik Baekeland, born in the ancient Flemish city of Ghent in 1863 but living the significant part of his life in the city of Yonkers, New York. His amazing product—Bakelite, used for distributor heads, self-starters and in a dozen other places on motor cars; for restaurant table tops, billiard balls, fountain pens, beads, armatures, radio dials, insulators, switchboards, silent gears, umbrella handles and cigarette holders. The propeller which carried the Maitland-Hegenberger plane over the Pacific to Hawaii was made of a form of Bakelite material.

"Doc" Baekeland (Doctor of Science of the University of Ghent) made his first ten-strike in the field of photography. He invented a silver solution relatively insensitive to the yellow rays of the spectrum. In 1893, in partnership with Leonard Jacobi of Yonkers, he began to manufacture "Velox." The business prospered. George Eastman wanted the process, and bought it. Dr. Baekeland could have retired and played golf for the rest of his life, but he was not built that way.

Setting up a private laboratory in Yonkers he concentrated on his life hobby—the discovery of a synthetic resin for which the electrical world, seeking a new nonconductor, was waiting. After countless experiments and many failures, he combined formaldehyde and carbolic acid in an oven, using compressed air and 150 to 200 degrees centigrade of heat. The liquid changed magically to a transparent, beautiful solid, clear as amber but much stronger. Baekeland had produced Bakelite.



DR. L. H. BAEKELAND

▶▶*Vagaries—Series 17*

CANDIDATES for the Department of Vagaries medal (guaranteed genuine hand-tooled leather) who have registered their applications since the last departmental report include the following:

1. That Cornell University professor who will have all of us wearing wooden neckties, shirts, shorts and socks before the end of 1931.

2. That Parisian food distributor who is expanding sales of the Congo potato, which contributes a striking blue note to the dinner-table color scheme.

3. That young Canadian electrician whose ore-detecting device, equipped with tubes, batteries and coils like a radio receiving set, promises to turn mineral prospecting into an aeronautical joy ride.

4. That Jacksonville gentleman of color, yearning for yellow shoes, who used white paint to raise a dollar bill to a ten-spot, but got into trouble because he placed the cipher on the wrong side of the 1.

5. That Georgia salesman who demonstrated a tear-gas weapon, shaped like a fountain pen, so successfully that he himself, as well as his prospective customers, had to make a running exit weeping.

6. That farmer boy, also a Georgian, who discovered that his mule enjoyed eating boiled cotton seed. This discovery has saved millions of dollars for the cotton planters, who find 27-cent cotton seed a fine substitute for $1 corn, for stock-feeding purposes.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) April 2—75.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) April 2—67.0.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended March 21—741,942 cars (increase of 7,680 over preceding week; reduction of 133,443 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 28—55% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 20% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 28—daily average gross 2,275,350 barrels (increase of 7,300 over preceding week; reduction of 238,850 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended March 28—569,000 bushels (increase of 272,000 over preceding week and of 60,000 over same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended April 2—$9,941,335,000 (increase of 22.1% over preceding week; reduction of 24% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended April 2—549 (reduction of 105 under preceding week; increase of 46 over same week of 1930).

▶▶*Big Little Book*

ONE might plow through ponderous tomes on financial statement analysis and not have as much to show for it as he may get from the 77 pages of Spencer B. Meredith's *What the Figures Mean* (Financial Publishing Co., $1.50).

The education of the investor was an important by-product of the Gre

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'lague of 1929-30. Accepting the say-o of some one else in regard to specific ndustries and issues may have been the asiest way, but it was clearly not the afest. The investor decided to do a ittle studying of the balance sheet and he operating statement for himself.

As first aid to this study, Mr. Mereith's little book is admirable. It charcterizes, briefly but adequately, the hief items in both the balance sheet and he income statement, and gives the layan all the information about financial ratios he needs, whether his investments total $1,000 or $100,000.

A good touchstone for business books is the distance by which a reader is willing to be separated from them. Some may be stored in the attic without serious loss or inconvenience; others must not be farther away than the library shelf; and a chosen few must be kept on the desk or within easy reach. For us, *What the Figures Mean* secures immediate rating in Class III.

FRANK A. FALL.

The Spotlight on Sports

▶▶*Knute Rockne*

T IS almost impossible for one who knew Knute Rockne intimately to accept the stark fact of his death. omehow he seemed to symbolize life, to diate animal spirits surcharged with spirational fervor. Just to be near him ade you feel young, and zippy, and rin' to go.

Though Rockne scorned the jazz age, ith all it implies in flabby softness, he as no blue-nosed killjoy or moss-acked standpatter. Though he talked out the Spartan virtues of an age that as simpler and closer to nature, he itomized the spirit of youth. With all s affection for the horse-and-buggy ys, "Rock" was a modernist.

You will read a lot of words about the ockne system. You will hear its fundaentals described—savage blocking, ythmic shifting, surprise concentraons at the dislocation point, etc. Such chnical discussion overlooks the undering reason for the success of that stem—Knute K. Rockne, the man. hat price the mere mechanics of footll when stacked against so vibrant a rsonality? Rockne could have taken y sound system of tactics and made it ck. Conversely, none of his disciples, ough they sat at the feet of the master, ve duplicated his coaching achieveents.

Notre Dame elevens will continue to e Rockne plays, but the mainspring is oken. Natural leaders, such as the gnetic Norwegian, cannot be reaced. He was born to teach and to mmand—a combination seldom enuntered.

To answer the question, "What makes otre Dame so consistently victorious?" u had only to hear Rockne deliver an ter-dinner speech, address a salesen's convention, talk quietly to his am in the dressing room, or conduct football practice. Without employing atorical flourishes, without resorting to the cheap theatricalism of the demagogue, Rockne held his audience spellbound through the sheer force of a vibrant personality.

In the dressing room Rockne refrained from heroics. He never harangued his men in the manner dear to the stage manager's heart, never gave what playwrights interpret as a "college fight talk."

"It is dangerous to play on the emotions of susceptible boys," said Rockne. "I know, because I played under a coach who rumpled his hair, spit out curses and tore a passion to tatters. 'Are you going to lay down like a pack of yellow curs, or are you going to fight?' he would challenge us. We would sit there trembling and quivering, but this intensive keying up often had a disastrous aftermath. We would tighten up like a drumhead on the field. The reaction left us limp."

"P. E. P." was Rockne's favorite slogan. It stood for personality, enthusiasm, and perseverance. His elevens did indeed possess that indefinable quality we call personality. They mirrored the character of the coach of coaches.

▶▶*Richards on Tilden*

NOW THAT William Tilden has conclusively demonstrated his ascendancy over Karel Kozeluh on hard surfaces, the devotees of professional tennis are eagerly awaiting the resumption of the time-mellowed Tilden-Richards feud. Those former amateur rivals haven't met for five years.

Unlike Kozeluh, Vincent Richards is at his best indoors. Hard-floor courts stress net-storming tactics, and Richards is the volleyer par excellence. Not as severe as McLaughlin, Patterson, or Borotra overhead, not quite as spectacular an exponent of the half-volley as Williams, Richards has no superior when it comes to point-blank consistency at the barrier. His wrist-flicked volleys are noted for searching depth and craftily masked direction. Relatively weak ground strokes have prevented him from making even greater use of his volleying genius.

Over a stretch of years, no competitor save Cochet gave Tilden as much difficulty as Richards did. Vinnie knows how to play Big Bill. "Angled ground strokes are fatal against Tilden," Richards once told the writer. "Bill thrives on angles since they open a wider sector of your own court to his counter thrusts. Angles, you see, beget angles. If you drive to Tilden's extreme corner he has the whole width of the net for a cross-court reply.

"For that reason I stick to the 'median line theory' against Big Bill, feeding him slow chops down the middle of the court. This cramps his elbow room, prevents him from bringing off those acutely angled returns which shave the side lines. If you try for an angle return on a ball down the center of the court, you're apt to drive it out."

▶▶*The Rowing Season Opens*

ROWING, the most picturesque of college sports, is with us again. Fragile cedar skiffs, sixty feet from oiled silk prow to rudder post, are ghosting along glassy lake or wind-ruffled river.

Watch the rudder of your Alma Mater's crew carefully. If it glides smoothly ahead, without any noticeable jar or check between strokes, you can be reasonably sure that the crew will be a formidable factor at Poughkeepsie or New London.

If, on the contrary, it hitches along in a series of jerky jumps, you had better not risk your bankroll. That telltale hitch means that the boat is "checking"

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Underwood

KOZELUH

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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

First in a Series on the Scramble for the Throne

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Keystone

This installment, first in a series, recounts the historical beginnings of the family strife which recently resulted in the contest between Queen Marie and Carol for control of the throne. The next installment, "The Black Spider Spins a Web," tells of Prince Shtirbey's efforts to entangle Carol in affairs that would harm his prospects and advance the cause of Marie.

●

THE outside world, especially the American world, had heard little about Roumania until the beginning of the European war in 1914. Then, suddenly, the attention of the world was focussed on it; because of an all too active Queen—Marie, wife of King Ferdinand of Roumania and grandchild of Queen Victoria of England, and because of her too unruly and spectacular household of sons and daughters, as anxious as their mother to keep the center of the stage of the world; as anxious as prima donnas and moving picture actresses and acrobats and tenors to hold the attention of the public. Roumania became the laughingstock of the world, the Ruritania of musical comedies, a country of pseudo romance, of medieval intrigues — a country seemingly existing for no other purpose than to furnish amusement to lovers of vaudeville jokes and models of settings for moving picture cameras.

Deafened by the claptrap, the world forgot that of the eighteen million inhabitants of Roumania there are at least fourteen million who live by the sweat of their brows, for Roumania is one of the richest of countries in natural resources. It has considerable unexploited coal areas, ore fields, amber fields; and its wines and fruit are the prizes of Central Europe. Its steers and flocks of sheep have fed and clothed millions of people.

The world forgot all this because the Queen insisted on attracting attention to herself; because the princes managed to create fresh scandals daily, and because the princesses insisted upon romping about, engaging themselves to be married to this and that prince and breaking off the engagements before the ink had dried on the paper on which the news was announced.

VERY little is known of the history of Roumania until the twelfth century. It is assumed that the Roumanians are the descendants of the legionnaires of Marcus Ulpius Trajanus, the Roman general who built the magnificent road that leads to the banks of the Danube. Having defeated the Dacs under Decebal, a warlike people living then in that part of the world, these legionnaires, riffraff of Europe, are supposed to have exterminated the Dac men and to have taken their women in marriage. As the legionnaires were engaged by the Romans for only a limited period of time, after that war the mercenaries whose time of service had expired chose grants of land in lieu of pensions, and remained to live with their women in the country they had conquered; because it had better soil than the one they had left behind and they were tired of fighting.

In the twelfth century, the people organized themselves into two separate states—Moldavia and Walakia, each governed by a different prince. However the princes fought amongst themselves when they were not in trouble with their neighbors, the Poles, the Hungarians, the Russians and the Turks. After more than a century of continual fighting the became vassal states to Turkey in 1392 and paid tribute to the Porte until 1716. In that year the Roumanian prince formed a secret alliance with Czar Peter the Great of Russia. Defeated by the Turks, separately and together with their ally, they lost their independence and were governed from then on by the Fanariots of Constantinople.

The Fanariots were wealthy Greeks of Constantinople who lived in a suburb called the Fanar. These Greeks bought from the Turkish government the concession to rule Roumania for a definite period of time. There was no limit set as to how the Roumanians should be exploited; what taxes they should pay or what justice should be meted out to them. Such unimportant items were left to the buyers of the concession. At the expiration of the term, the concession expired, and the Fanariot retired—a multimillionaire—to live in Paris where even the long Turkish arm could not reach him for part of his loot.

During their reign, these Fanariots assumed the title of Prince. Europe is now filled with Cantacuzenes, Shtirbeys, Mavrocordatos (Black Hearts) Sutsos and a host of other princes of like name, all of them descended from the suburb of Fanar in Constantinople. During this period in Roumanian history there were many popular uprisings against the oppressors. The cruelest slave owners in America treated the blacks far more humanely than the Roumanian peasant was treated.

In 1829, by the Treaty of Adrianople the Roumanians gained a conditional independence from Turkey; the right to choose their own princes, who engaged themselves to pay yearly tribute to Constantinople. In 1859 Moldavia and Walakia united and elected one Jon Cuza as their prince. At that time J. Bratianu, a young man who had led

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rather hectic life in France and in Germany, and who had been in prison for his revolutionary activities in France, returned to his native country, and finding it so disrupted, so unable to govern itself, so unwilling to agree as to who should be the new ruler at the expiration of Cuza's term, concluded that the people of Roumania should be ruled by some one not belonging to either of the provinces. Jon Bratianu believed the Roumanians unfit to rule themselves and thought it politically necessary to have a foreign dynasty on the throne of the country. After many secret conferences with statesmen of foreign countries, the choice fell upon a young lieutenant in the Prussian army, Carol, a descendant of the Hohenzollerns.

During these secret conferences, the other countries intrigued each for their own men. For it became evident that the country of origin of the one selected to be the ruler of Roumania would wield considerable power and would have great influence. Because of this Jon Bratianu had to bring Carol to Roumania in a most secret manner. He left Bucharest, ostentatiously in the company of a valet, and went to Paris. From there he returned to Roumania by way of Germany. The original valet was lost somewhere and the young Prince took his place, to serve Bratianu en route. The original valet's name was Hans Koch. Prince Carol of Hohenzollern took this name while traveling with his pseudo master. Evidently orders had been sent out to watch Bratianu's comings and goings. When the border officers of Hungary invaded Bratianu's compartment, Carol was fast asleep and had to be shaken by his master before he woke up to answer the questions put to him by the men of the law. He was sleepy and tired, Carol was, and so when they asked him his name he looked stupidly at Bratianu instead of answering. Whereupon Jon Bratianu, acting naturally, not as a former revolutionist, but as the feudal baron he was, boxed Carol's ears while he said:

"You stupid fool, don't you even know that your name is Hans Koch?"

The strategy worked. Carol was brought into the country to be acclaimed by the Roumanian people as their Prince. Bratianu was made Prime Minister and became the father of his country. Carol of Hohenzollern never forgot that his ears had been boxed by a Roumanian, that the price he had paid for the sceptre was the greatest humiliation he had ever suffered.

In 1877, Roumania, still a vassal country to the Turks according to the treaty of Adrianople, decided to throw its lot in with the Russians, who were fighting the Turks. In 1878, after the defeat of the armies of Osman Pasha, the treaty of Berlin recognized Roumania's absolute independence. Roumania no longer had to pay tribute to Turkey. It was a kingdom. Carol became King.

That Berlin treaty contained some clauses intended to make Roumania a civilized country. One clause gave freedom of religious worship, equality before the law, and the right of citizenship to all people born in the country. But these rights were never accorded and remained dead letters for the next fifty years to come. The country that had suffered so much oppression became an oppressor. Bratianu, the revolutionist, the humanist, became the arch-reactionary of Europe.

Keystone

The first years of Prince Carol of Hohenzollern's rule were marked by his continual desire to resign the throne and return to his homeland. But the fortunes of that branch of the Hohenzollern family were very low, and despite his contempt for the people he governed, Carol was becoming richer every day. With German thoroughness he organized cheese factories, wine presses, leather factories and demanded more and more land "for the crown" from each successive government. He demanded and obtained higher and higher salaries for himself and for his henchmen, organized companies, bought monopolies, and sold concessions until his branch of the Hohenzollern family, instead of being one of the poorest, as it had been until a few years before, became one of the richest. Still he wanted to resign the throne. But his father's letters advised him to stay where he was. He was a good son, Carol. He obeyed. He amassed millions. The taxes became heavier and heavier.

Married to Elizabeth, Princess of Wied, he gave the young lady little love, but enough leisure to devote herself to several agreeable small arts: painting, embroidery, music and literature. Under the pen name of Carmen Sylva, she soon became well enough known as a poetess and as a writer of Roumanian romances. After an heir was born, and that heir died a rather mysterious death, life between the royal consorts became a mere formality. No other child was born of that union. Carol brought from Germany a nephew of his, Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, and had him declared heir to the Roumanian throne.

Roumania prospered under King Carol's rule. His administrative zeal was imitated by other land owners and speculators. The slavery under which the people were held until Carol's advent changed form, partly because of the industrialization of farm labor and also because of that wind of freedom which had swept Europe since 1848. The taxes were still very heavy; the peasants still had little or no voice in the government of their country. Only those who owned land had a right to vote. Only a few peasants owned land. But the people felt they were free and hoped for greater freedom. There were several agrarian revolts. Carol put them down with an iron hand.

The King governed Roumania with the assistance of two major political parties—the Liberals and the Conservatives. The Liberal Party was headed by his friend Jon Bratianu. Carol took care that the two parties should hold power alternately. When the Liberals had allowed him to wrest some more land for the crown during their reign, he allowed them to stay in power a few more years before calling the Conservatives into action. When the Conservatives had been good to him they stayed a little longer

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than before. For a party to be in power meant that the members belonging to it accumulated enough during their reign to keep them and theirs in good humor during the period of idleness. With the change of each governing party all the administrative functions changed personnel. The salaries for these functions were ridiculously small, yet the most insignificant office holder became wealthy during the brief reign. The term tenure of office was actually a concession for graft and pillage; on the same style that the Fanariots had practiced.

Indirectly, Roumania was being governed by Germany through King Carol. Officially, Bucharest was the capital of Roumania. Actually, Berlin was the capital. Germany's influence was so considerable that up to 1914 one could easily have believed himself in a German province while in Roumania. Berlin ordered. Carol suggested Berlin's orders to the Ministers of State. German goods were sold in preference to others. German banks financed Roumanian industries. The army was patterned after German rules and the officers acted in the same arrogant manner as the Prussian officers. Carol dreamed of transforming Roumania into a Belgium of the Orient. He anticipated that dream by calling the country by that name long before it deserved the title. Many industries were introduced. For no reason at all an agricultural country was being forced into the yoke of industry. For no intelligent reason an agricultural people was being made to manufacture things for which they had neither inclination nor aptitude. As an industrial country, Roumania was a fiasco.

In due time, English, German and French industries began to wage a battle on Roumanian territory. Knowing that though the Roumanian people had shaken off the Turkish yoke they had not shaken off the Turkish habit of bribery and bakshish, the French, the English and the Germans fought their way to the front by corruption and dishonesty. American industrialists would be shamed in their homeland if it were known how they have obtained concessions and monopolies. Before 1914, Bucharest, the capital of the country, was flattered by the name of Little Paris, and housed more idlers, more corrupt officials, more degeneracy and more prostitution than its sister city of greater renown. Foreign gold did that.

Outwardly, and considering the riches of the country by per capita wealth, Roumania was a prosperous nation. Actually the peasants were the poorest of the poor, living on corn meal boiled in water, without meat, without butter, frequently without salt, and toiling from early dawn until late at night. Curiously enough "Hohenzollern" means high taxes, in German.

FERDINAND VON HOHENZOLLERN was no sooner brought to Roumania than the country saw the birth of two underground parties behind the official political parties, the Carol party and the Ferdinand party. King Carol was still in the full vigor of life and manhood and could not but have seen in Ferdinand the man who wished him to a speedy grave. Brutal, coarse, King Carol lost no opportunity to show his displeasure and dissatisfaction with everything the heir to his throne did. Carol lost no opportunity to humiliate him before the people whom the Prince had been called to rule.

Underwood

Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) and King Carol I

Ferdinand, who was not born to be a king, who was not fitted for such an office, either physically or mentally, had accepted the heirship to the Roumanian throne reluctantly, as one would accept a well-paying office.

The future commander of the army could not even keep his seat on a horse. Unprepossessing physically, a stutterer, when he arrived in Roumania he gave himself up at first to the pleasant occupations of gay companionship. Compared to the severe atmosphere of his home in Sigmaringen the atmosphere of Bucharest was like that of a libidinous story in the Arabian Nights.

When King Carol was not forming and reforming the Roumanian Army, when he was not engaged in changing and rechanging the military uniform of his soldiers, and buying new armaments from his beloved Krupp factories, he was busy with commercial ventures which required a great deal of his time. He had no patience with the nonsense which absorbed his wife. He let Ferdinand and Elizabeth discuss pleasant matters and amuse themselves as they saw fit.

During his first years in Roumania Ferdinand met a young lady, Helena Vacarescu, a poetess, and the descendant of a noble house of the country. She was a lady in waiting to Queen Elizabeth Prince Ferdinand fell in love with her The King knew nothing of the amorous affairs in the royal palace until he was suddenly informed that Prince Ferdinand wished to marry the young lady and that Queen Elizabeth, who had taken a fancy to the young poetess, was in favor of such a union. Carol could hardly master his ire against his wife and his nephew. His argument against his nephew's choice was that it would tend to weaken the Hohenzollern dynasty in the country. He laid down the rule that no Hohenzollern should marry a Roumanian, even if that Roumanian were of royal blood.

Prince Ferdinand, so docile, and humble, so unresisting until then, revolted and proclaimed that he was ever willing to renounce heirship to the throne if "that thing" obstructed his union with the lady he loved. When King Carol denied Ferdinand even the right to refuse the throne, he, Helena Vacarescu and Queen Elizabeth, acting as a chaperone, left the country secretly and went to Venice to hide. Infuriated, King Carol departed post-haste for Venice, invaded the young lovers' retreat, demanded from the Italian government the expulsion of his recalcitrant nephew, dragged Ferdinand back with him to Roumania and separated him forever from Helena Vacarescu.

He exiled the poetess, and sent his wife, Queen Elizabeth, into a nunnery to expiate her sins while he returned to the country triumphantly. Prince Ferdinand appealed to his family. He was told to listen to reason. The humiliation Carol heaped upon Prince Ferdinand after that episode did not tend to make either of them popular with the people of the country. The royal palace made no effort to stop the lampoons in the Roumanian daily press. Ferdinand's ears were extravagantly large. They were made the target of ridicule. There was always a group of courtesans in the Roumanian palace sympathizing, or pretending to sympathize, with Prince Ferdinand. These courtesans figured that Carol could not live forever, that given the ordinary span of life, Ferd

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The Passing of the Country Bank

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WE WERE loitering in an old-fashioned country bank; to be specific, it was the Bank of Elkins, Arkansas.

A hand-lettered placard twined in the bars of the cashier's window announced that Tim Zellers had some good seed oats to sell at fifty cents a bushel, not to mention some extra-fine hickory king planting corn at a true bargain.

A brown-splotched hound strolled in to investigate the probability of loitering cats. The hour was nearing noon. The cashier opened a tin bucket and began to partake unctuously of lunch. The hound stayed on for company's sake. So did I. When Cashier J. E. Bunch had got down to the apple pie, we began to discuss the how of country banking.

"Not all the country banks have failed."

We had observed as much in the course of recent and extensive ramblings through the great rural spaces.

Cashier Bunch had been studying over some statistics compiled by the American Bankers' Association. During the ten years ending January 1, 1931, 6,968 banks, or 22 per cent of all banks operating in the United States, had failed. Seventy-five per cent of the failing banks had individual capital and surplus of less than $50,000, and eight out of ten of them were in villages of less than 2,500 population. The total of failures has involved only seven and one-half per cent of the average annual bank deposits of the United States, and at the beginning of the present year slightly more than 90 per cent of the total deposits of the failed banks had been made good. Furthermore, six out of seven of the failed banks were not members of the Federal Reserve System.

Noticing how overwhelmingly country banks have led in numbers of failures, we proceeded to study further among the official findings. Obviously, the rural bank is victim of a very fundamental change in American economy during the last two decades. Twenty years ago 35 per cent of our population lived on farms; today only 22 per cent do. During the same period the percentage of the nation's income derived from farms has fallen from 21 to 10 per cent of the total. Nowadays most of the world appears to be striving for agricultural self-sufficiency, with the result that our exports of farm products continue to follow a downward trend, as do the majority of crop and farm markets.

Farm land values virtually doubled between 1915 and 1920, and since the latter date they have rather steadily declined. As a prevailing rule, country banks must lend directly or indirectly on farm crops and farm lands, either to farmers directly or to country merchants or dealers, who are in turn heavily dependent upon the prosperity of the neighboring agricultural district. During the late lamented period of rising prices these lines of credit were generally and extensively broadened. With the coming of the sharp drop of 1930 a goodly fraction of country banks found themselves burdened with frozen collateral, in many cases insufficient to repay loans when called. Farm people become querulous, runs result sometimes, and country banks fail, many of them good banks.

Cashier Bunch fired a man-sized cigar, and repeated the initial contention:

"Not all the country banks have failed."

He was dead right. To be specific, not quite a third of them. Even here in Arkansas, far-heralded as the center of famine, only 37 per cent of them have. What about the surviving 63 per cent? Cashier Bunch is not particularly handy with smack-down assertion, but he gets a great deal of pleasure from "ponderin'." We exhorted that he ponder, and he did.

To begin with, he told us considerable about his bank, citing it as a typical example of the surviving country banks in rural hamlets of not many hundred people. Here is the current statement of the Bank of Elkins, Arkansas:

Liabilities:	
Capital stock	$ 10,000.00
Surplus	15,000.00
Undivided profits	495.46
Other items	5,000.00
Deposits	135,859.57
Total	$166,355.03
Assets:	
Loans and discounts	$118,560.47
Overdrafts	28.78
Furniture and fixtures	1,500.00
Banking house	1,100.00
Other real estate	11,671.00
U. S. securities	10,000.00
Cash and exchange	23,494.78
Total	$166,355.03

During the last year the little bank has paid its usual dividends. It now carries 749 rural accounts as compared with 701 a year ago. In the current depression, its total of deposits has fallen about ten per cent, which is approximately the average decrease for all other banks in its trade territory. The Bank of Elkins belongs to no group or chain. It is a state unit bank and a member of the county, state, and national bankers' association.

CASHIER Bunch laid by his cigar and continued: "We reckon as how good credit doesn't just come to folks. It's got to be earned. Our loans go to neighbor people who have earned their credit. Most of our outgo is in the form of short-time loans, 90 to 180 days. We don't attempt to carry but mighty few loans year after year. As a rule the amounts are small, averaging between $100 and $200, tide-overs for good, hard-working farm people who are accustomed to supporting themselves. Of course we make bigger loans sometimes, but the law prohibits single loans of more than twenty per cent of the combined capital and surplus of the bank.

"Our trade territory has increased until now it has a radius of between twenty-five and thirty miles. This is pretty generally the case with country banks; they are carrying more individual accounts, and they are steering away from mortgage business. The country bank nowadays is giving more attention to countryside industries, such as canning factories, lumber mills and produce houses."

Mr. Bunch finds little to substantiate the contention that the younger generation of farm folk is becoming reckless or dissolute. He observes that the new generation of farm people are bringing about a new type of loan business. They are more prone to borrow for bettering; to buy new livestock, fertilizers, modern improvements and home betterment in general. Mr. Bunch believes it to the advantage of the country banker to fall apace with this trend.

On the future of country banking, he is distinctly optimistic. He believes that the future of the trade is sound to the same extent and for pretty much the same reasons that the future of American farming is sound.

"I reckon that country banking will get healthy again as soon as farm folks thoroughly digest the idea of diversified crops, and this financial panic is teaching them lots on that subject.

"One of the biggest assets in country banking is the country man's plain, old-fashioned honesty. When he borrows, he figures to pay back. His notions of right are clean as a hound's tooth."

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▶▶ Political Winds Against Hoover ◀◀

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

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It was inevitable that the business depression would have political reaction against the Administration, and Mr. Helm here undertakes to analyze a few of the situations, which, in his opinion, are shearing away the record Republican pluralities of 1928. He predicts further anti-administration sentiment inside G.O.P. ranks and, indeed, threats to organize this feeling in the South already have been made.

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IN THE spring of 1928, the Director of the Census turned from his desk to face an embarrassed Negro clerk who shifted from one foot to the other as he waited.

"Mr. Director," the man said somewhat timidly, "I want to ask a favor for the colored clerks of the Census Bureau."

"All right; what's on your mind?"

"It's this way, Mr. Director. There are only a few of us colored clerks working here and we are scattered all over the Bureau, mixed in with hundreds of whites. We don't believe we can do our best work under those conditions. We would much rather be off in some corner to ourselves, working together, and I was wondering, sir, if it couldn't be arranged."

"Have you discussed it with the others?"

"Yes, sir; they want it."

"Very well; I'll see what can be done."

So not long thereafter the little squad of Negro clerks in the Census Bureau was placed under a supervisor of their own race and segregated from the whites. For a time the rearrangement worked well. Then, one day in early summer, the Director's telephone tinkled and he was asked to come at once to the office of his superior, Secretary Hoover.

It developed that a disturbing letter had been received from a Negro editor in Ohio. The editor complained that Mr. Hoover was discriminating against Negro clerks by segregating them in the Census Bureau. Mr. Hoover was unaware of any such practice. Walter F. Brown, then Hoover's assistant actively enlisting Negro support for his Chief's candidacy for the presidency, had received the letter, and he knew nothing about it.

What about it? Mr. Brown, zealous in guarding the welfare of his Negro friends—later he was placed in charge of campaign work among Negroes—couldn't believe that the charge was true. Was it?

The Director smiled and explained the circumstances. He was ordered to redistribute the colored clerks among the whites. Discrimination, it appeared, was unauthorized, perhaps illegal. The order was carried out that day. That night a letter went from Washington to the Ohio editor inviting him to inspect conditions at the Census Bureau. The editor came, saw, and returned home satisfied.

Hoover was nominated. He was in the midst of the fame of his recent work along the Mississippi. Largely because of his flood relief labor he was personally popular in the South. Governor Smith, for reasons unnecessary to recite here, was unpopular among a large number of southern men and women. The Republicans, sensing opportunity, organized a Southern Division of their campaign committee and set up machinery to carry on an active Hoover campaign in many southern states.

When that campaign was boiling, some southern Democrat got wind of the Negro segregation order. He burned up the South with it, receiving much enthusiastic help. Day and night Democratic orators thundered the charge that Herbert Hoover had done away with the segregation of Negroes and whites in the offices under his direction; that he had ordered big, brawny Negro men put to work beside delicate white women.

Considering its tiny content of truth, that argument was more powerful than nitro-glycerine. It was unanswerable. If it were denied it would alienate Mr. Brown's northern Negro supporters from the Hoover standard and the contest then seemed too close to warrant alienating anybody. If the charge were not denied, it would create havoc in the Republican campaign in the South. In Mr. Brown's apt words, the committee was hamstrung. In the dilemma it was decided to say and do nothing. No explanation was attempted. So far as I know, none ever was made.

The charge, however, cost Hoover innumerable wavering southern votes, and it is probable that it cost him two states—Georgia and Alabama—in the electoral college. It developed later that Mr. Hoover didn't need those votes, but it looked at the time as if he might need them. Anyhow, notwithstanding the race question thus intruded into the campaign, Mr. Hoover carried four states of the Solid South, tearing them away from their political allegiance of sixty years, and, in addition, carried some other states along the border.

That incident was, perhaps, the first of a series of Hoover misfortunes. The second hapless happening, so far as the South was concerned, crowded along immediately after Hoover was elected and before he took office. Ineptitude Number 2 also involved Mr. Brown. It hoisted him to supremacy second only to Mr. Hoover in the disposition of southern patronage under the incoming administration. Mr. Brown was high then, as now, in Hoover favor—his chief political adviser. Staunch friend of the northern Negro, Mr. Brown was put in charge of the new Hoover Democratic-Republican organizations in the southern states.

It would have been utterly impossible, in the view of many ardent and high-minded southerners who worked and voted for Hoover, to have made a more unfortunate choice. Those southerners had succeeded but lately in starting the first bit of real housecleaning in Republican ranks the South had known since Reconstruction. For two generations the southern Negro had sat secure, like an old man of the sea, athwart the party's neck. Now the strangle hold was breaking; there seemed real prospect of establishing a second major political party south of the Line; tens of thousands of leading citizens had broken all precedent by voting for a Republican; lily-white Republican organizations in some of the states already seemed assured.

INTO this promising situation came Mr. Brown, Toledo philosopher with cooking as a hobby, friend of the Negro in the old home town and knowing nothing of the southern Negro except what he saw from a car window and occasional brief visits to the South. Mr. Brown took charge. The first thing he did was to wave away, in some of the states, the enthusiastic organizations that had carried the Hoover standard to victory. They needed purging, he explained; so he saw that they were replaced by other organizations more to his liking.

With what result? The returns two years later help tell the story. The unassailable Simmons, Hoover warhorse in North Carolina, was defeated. The vocal Heflin, Hoover high priest in Alabama, was pushed back to distasteful private life. Republican Congressmen, who had come to Washington on the Hoover tidal wave, were smothered. Everywhere, at the end of two years that started with such brilliant Republican promise, the

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Democratic standard floated in triumph.

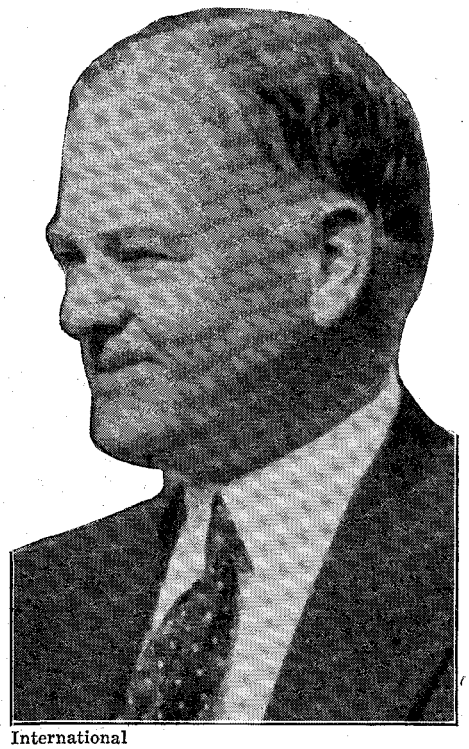
So much for the South. In 1928 it gave promise of becoming a real political battleground. In 1931 there are almost no Republicans left. It probably will take a generation to repair the damage. So strong and bitter is the vague resentment in some sections that delegates from some southern states quite probably will oppose Hoover's renomination at the next Republican convention, if, indeed, Mr. Hoover is a candidate to succeed himself.

Through these and other minor ineptitudes and blunders, Herbert Hoover, to the dismay of Republican veterans, appears to have frittered away all his southern strength. It has gone, vanished. Of course, Mr. Brown, now Postmaster General and prime political adviser to the White House, worked by his best lights and in sincere devotion to his Chief, but Republican prospects in the South today are nil. It would seem that results might be happier had Mr. Brown's lights been trimmed; conceivably other lights would have been better.

Mr. Brown, incidentally, was not new to Washington. He came to the capital years before to strike a lick for Warren G. Harding. Mr. Harding appointed him chairman of a joint congressional committee to reorganize the executive branches of the government and make them less numerous, more efficient and less expensive. His contribution to the effort consisted of recommending the creation of a new Cabinet office and the shifting of certain bureaus. Somehow it didn't go over the top; it has long been gathering dust in the archives.

Thus Herbert Hoover's standing among many thousands who had labored almost fanatically to elect him was dimmed and lowered before that fateful March the Fourth when he took office. The little snowball had started down the hill. It grew swiftly. The next attack on Mr. Hoover's popularity hit the drys. They had run all over the United States night and day, spending much of their own money, chanting his praises and urging his election. It may be they loved Al Smith less but that mattered little; the result counted. Their efforts for Hoover were prodigious. They passionately hung on him the armor of a Crusader. Occasionally some of the more delirious appealed for him in the name of religion; that, however, was in violation of stern Hoover orders and against Mr. Hoover's genuine and sincere wishes. Such utterances distressed him greatly, but the hot flame of conflict belched out occasionally higher than he could reach.

If, however, there was one special thing that certain real leaders of the drys did not want Herbert Hoover to do, it was to transfer the Prohibition Bureau, on which their hopes centered, from the Treasury to the Department



International

A recent picture of the President

of Justice. They had their reasons, and their opposition was real. When, during the campaign, rumors sprouted that Mr. Hoover would do just that thing if elected, the dismay and apprehension of some of his most loyal workers were almost overwhelming. However, they were reassured and for a time their fears were laid. Obviously such assurance, in the light of what happened later, did not come from Mr. Hoover himself. Imagine, then, their utter shock when, almost immediately after his election, Mr. Hoover let it be known that he intended doing the one thing that lay so heavily on their fears!

It mattered not that William J. Donovan did not get the office of Attorney General—some of the drys were mightily afraid for a time he would get it—or that Hoover stood for law enforcement. The blow, the cruel blow, had fallen. They were astounded, almost speechless. Outwardly the world never saw the resentment that seethed privately within. Much of the intense dry loyalty that helped carry Hoover to the White House thus dribbled away. Before many ardent dry supporters he had dropped his mantle of perfection. Later the drys became somewhat mollified and came to regard him as their champion. They so regard him, many from necessity, today; but the high old religious fervor of their support is gone.

Another tremendous movement that helped Hoover win in 1928 has entirely disappeared today. That factor is the anti-Catholic feeling that surged up against the Democratic ticket. In the backwoods of the South they got up before dawn to vote for Hoover and against the Pope. All that has vanished. It probably could not be revived next year even if the Republicans should try to revive it—an utterly improbable contingency—and even if Mr. Smith again were the Democratic nominee. As an element of Hoover strength, however unwanted, it will be missing in 1932, no matter who the Democratic candidate will be.

The next great element that helped sweep Hoover to the presidency came from the fields and meadows. Despite the Norrises, the farmers believed in Herbert Hoover. They looked to him, hopefully and somewhat affectionately, as the great engineer who would bring to their burning needs the mind and strength of a superman. They remembered Belgium and the turgid Mississippi, and had keen faith in his promise. They had no such faith or feeling for his opponent. So brightly burned the torch of their trust that Hoover carried Norris's own State of Nebraska and all the windswept prairies. The farmers expected too much of Herbert Hoover. Perhaps he, filled with sympathy but lacking familiarity with their problems, expected too much of himself. The hard awakening came soon. When farm relief became but the footstool of a hybrid tariff raising levies on manufactured imports—schedules the farmers had denounced with blazing wrath a year before—it did not cool agricultural anger or lessen agricultural amazement to be reminded that a farm relief board and $500,000,000 from the public treasury also were provided.

When the passage of so-called farm relief was followed quickly by starvation markets for all the farmer raised, it availed nothing to tell distressed agriculture that depression was world-wide. That was but whistling in the cyclone's face. Who ordered a world-wide depression, anyhow? That wasn't what the farmers had voted for. They had voted for relief; for a candidate who had promised them relief; where was it? This talk of world-wide economic stress—what had that to do with it? The things they understood lay closer home: prices their wheat, cotton and livestock fetched; old clothes to be worn another year; poverty deeper than before. They had expected emancipation; they got shackles.

It was, indeed, Hoover's bitter political misfortune that economic events turned to so unhappy a channel. He,

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least of all, would wittingly have steered them to such waters. But can that be explained to the farmers? No, Herbert Hoover's strength in the rural sections is as low perhaps today as it can fall. Unless there is recovery both unexpected and spectacular before election day of 1932, Mr. Hoover will find his great agricultural support almost wholly dissipated. It will take more than the tongues of angels to explain away the tariff, for instance, to rural America.

One final great reservoir of normal Republican strength remains, New England, the Atlantic States, and parts of the Middle West. Therein lies the backbone of normal Republican strength. Therein lies, too, the backbone of bitter opposition to the prohibition laws. The wet-and-dry problem is consort to the full dinner-pail problem. What of Hoover there? Industrially one remembers how, soon after the stock market crash, every optimistic statement from Washington was the signal, in this rock-ribbed Republican citadel, for dumping something else over the ramparts, for fresh disaster in the stock markets. One remembers, too, the verdict last November in New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio.

And as for prohibition—! The Wickersham Commission, its long travail, the delivery of its mouse, and Mr. Hoover's remarks on the accouchement, have sunk his stock to its lowest levels. So staunch a Boswell as the New York *Herald Tribune* chides Mr. Hoover for his "hasty and inexact comment" on the Wickersham report, and the conservative old New York *Evening Post* had this to say the day after the report was published:

> In this state certainly Republicans were yesterday holding up their hand and swearing solemnly, "No more Hoover." Or they were gloomily admitting that "this hands us four years of Democratic misgovernment."

Now, if Mr. Hoover has disillusioned the South, alienated much of his dry support, crushed the farmers' hopes by signing the tariff bill, set the wets howling with indignation, and lost his grip on the industrial centers, where, it seems proper to ask, lies his strength? What is there anywhere to indicate his reelection in 1932, assuming that he will run again? These are bitter questions with which stanch Republicans may search their hearts, but there is another shadow. That shadow indicates the relentless approach of a substantial increase in federal income taxes. Treasury figures for the current fiscal year leave no doubt that the year will end with a thumping treasury deficit. If one considers the diversion from their usual channel of the funds paid us by foreign governments as interest on their war-time loans, the deficit will approach $800,000,000.

These foreign interest payments approximate $200,000,000 a year. In the past they have been put in the sinking fund. Mr. Hoover's policy contemplates using them this fiscal year to meet current expenses. Even when they are used that way the deficit, according to the treasury's optimistic figures, will amount to about $500,000,000. For only one year, we probably could absorb a deficit even as large as that, but next year lies ahead and the deficit then bids fair to be even larger. It will be necessary, and there will be no choice to the party in power, to meet that deficit either by a bond issue (which is the sort of thing that makes Mr. Mellon shiver) or higher taxes. To make matters worse, the higher tax will have to be in effect before June 30, 1932.

So it looks as if Mr. Hoover would go into the campaign of 1932 with either a bond issue or higher taxes written into his record. What an outlook for the candidate! What an outlook for the party!

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 525)

or "dragging"—a cardinal sin in crew racing. The men may be "rushing their slides"—coming forward too fast on the recovery.

Oarsmen sit on sliding seats which travel on rollers along a copper groove. When 1400 pounds of weight, moving counter to the direction of the shell, hits the "stops" at the end of the copper track too violently, you get a rhythm-breaking check between strokes. The boat is said "to hang."

It is an axiom among crew coaches that "boat races are won while the oars are out of water." Like most epigrams, this is an exaggeration, but it is a fact that you can judge a crew's caliber by the way its rudder moves.

Ed Leader's eights, for example, are distinguished by a phantom-like run between power impulses. Rowing at a lower beat than Harvard crews, they have gradually left their Crimson adversaries behind. This is because Leader had the knack of eliminating that speed-killing check on the recovery. In the final analysis, rowing is a humanized version of applied mechanics.

▶▶ *Record Breaker*

GOLF RECORDS are always relative rather than absolute, since scoring is affected by the character of the course.

Conceding that the St. Augustine, Florida, links is less arduous than many layouts, one must nevertheless marvel at Philip Perkins' sustained streak of nine sub-par rounds. Perkins, ex-amateur champion of Britain, returned consecutive cards of 69-70-68-68-67-64-69-68-69 during the recent West Coast tournament. Par is 71.

Such figures make tantalizing reading for the ordinary golfer who has yet to crack 90. I doubt whether Bobby Jones himself ever bagged so many sixties in a row. That 64 was a beautifully balanced round, a 32 going out being duplicated on the return trip. As a general thing one super nine-hole spurt is offset by lapses on the alternate half.

GEORGE TREVOR.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1931.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of THE OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—Carl C. Dickey. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning one per cent or more of the stock:

Atwell & Company, 45 Wall Street, New York City; Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th Street, New York City; Richard E. Danielson, 89 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.; Harrison B. Freeman, 50 State Street, Hartford, Conn.; William C. Gregg, Hackensack, New Jersey; Otto C. Hasse, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City; Christian A. Herter, 89 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.; E. Trevor Hill, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York; Home & Gardens Company, 50 State Street, Hartford, Conn.; Marshall R. Kernochan, 48 Wall Street, New York City; Clarence H. Mackay, 67 Broad Street, New York City; T. W. Phillips, Jr., Inc., Butler, Pa.; H. T. Pulsifer, 48-A Bramhall Street, Portland, Me.; N. T. Pulsifer, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City; Mary Low Sanford, 109 East 71st Street, New York City; Mrs. Dorothea V. A. Swift, Noroton, Conn.; Langdon B. Valentine, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City; John Hay Whitney, 14 Wall Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1931.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 18; New York County Register's No. 2E10; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1932.

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▶▶ Silver: A Perennial Problem ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

LIKE Banquo's ghost, the silver problem has a way of bobbing up at most inconvenient times and places, when apparently it ought to be resting in peace. It haunted the financial world in the seventies, and even more so in the nineties, of the last century; but when Congress in 1900 finally passed the gold standard act it was thought that the issue had been disposed of for good and all. Yet at the last session of Congress it stalked in again.

During the past year the price of silver has dropped to the lowest point known in history. In 1928 the average price was approximately 59 cents per fine ounce; in 1929 it was 53 cents; in 1930 it was 38 cents, and during the current year it has been as low as 27 cents. In China, India and Mexico, where live a large part of the human race, silver is still the medium of exchange, and in these countries it now takes nearly twice as much silver to make a given purchase as was required two years ago.

Ordinarily, the first effect of currency depreciation in any country is seen in a boom induced by price inflation. This was what occurred, for example, in postwar Germany, and many people with only a superficial knowledge of economics were convinced that Germany was capturing the trade of the world with cheap money. What actually happened, as we all now know, was that the Germans were virtually giving away to foreigners a part of their substance without knowing it, and when they finally found this out they were unable to help themselves.

The silver-currency countries seem at least to have escaped this misfortune. The rest of the world is likewise depressed and in no hurry to buy their goods before prices have been advanced to meet the latest depreciation in the value of silver money. Furthermore, prices in the gold-standard countries have been declining, and this tends to offset any bargains which the cheap-money countries might otherwise offer.

While China, India and Mexico have thus escaped some of the ills which befell European countries with depreciating paper money immediately after the War, the slump in the price of silver has been none the less a calamity. In the Orient much of the silver is hoarded, and its cheapening has reduced the value of this stored wealth by half.

So much for the effects of the slump in silver; now a word as to cause. Some of the current propaganda for government action to enhance the price of the metal is strangely like that of the 1870's. Those of the older generation will readily recall the agitation in the United States over "the crime of '73." The "crime" in this case was the failure of Congress, when legislating in 1873 for the resumption of specie payments, discontinued during the Civil War, to provide for the coinage of the silver dollar. This omission was hardly noticed at the time, because relatively few silver dollars had been coined in previous years.

In the late seventies, after the famous Comstock lode in Nevada had flooded the country with silver, and the mint would purchase only limited amounts of the metal for fractional currency, western miners and politicians raised a great outcry against the coinage act of 1873, denouncing it as the product of a conspiracy and as the sole cause of the slump in the price of silver. We now know that the decline was due mainly to natural causes.

THE interesting thing about all this is the striking parallel it offers to the existing silver situation. Once more we have a "crime" against silver, committed this time, however, by the British government. In 1926 the British government made provision for bringing India gradually to the gold standard, and now we hear the silver propagandists denouncing it for "striking down the wealth of India and destroying the purchasing power of its subjects." India is pictured as having once been a great reservoir for the world's surplus silver, absorbing many million dollars' worth every month, but now being forced to belch out this metal on the rest of the world, thereby depressing the price to a ruinous level.

The American legislation of 1873 and the British legislation of 1926 probably had some effect on the price of silver, but the big drop in both instances was due to other causes than a government fiat. The basic cause of cheap silver now and in the seventies is to be found in the fact that silver is a commodity, and that its price follows very closely the general trend of the commodity price level. There are other metals whose prices have declined during the past two years just as precipitously as has that of silver. If one wishes to know why silver has become so cheap he should pay no attention to the political propagandists but inquire into the causes of the decline of the price level since the War.

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The New Books

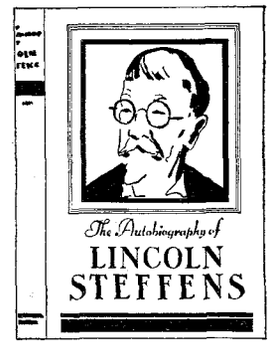
The Week's Reading

The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens

"THE Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens" (Harcourt, Brace, $7.50). There are nearly 900 pages of this biography; but, while it may often arouse dissent, it is never dull. Mr. Steffens writes with graphic force; and as he is a natural-born story-teller and interviewer, the narrative is tense, often humorous, and always readable. Steffens accepts quite good-humoredly the name of "muckraker." It is fair to remember, although he does not say it, that John Bunyan, who coined the word, and Theodore Roosevelt also, meant by the term one who delights in muckraking but never looks above his work, and not the man who thinks that the world would be better with less muck in it.

Steffens was not originally nor for a long time essentially a reformer. He was first a newspaper man and then a magazinist, and his experiences furnished the material for innumerable articles. He was thrown into the newspaper work; he did not purposely adopt it. When he came back from Europe after six years spent in the study of ethics and philosophy in various universities, he landed in New York City, with a wife and mother-in-law, and found there a letter from his father enclosing a check for one hundred dollars and telling him that he had better use it in finding a job. The father did not even know that Lincoln was married until some years later. The young man straightway walked into the office of the old *Evening Post* and got a job as a reporter. After a while he was made understudy for Wall Street work; his account of his two interviews with J. P. Morgan is exceedingly amusing. Then again he was thrown suddenly into police work; the staid old *Evening Post* "did not print crime," but its managing editor had a sneaking desire to get live news in the paper. So, Steffens was put on the police job with stern orders not to write anything that did not have something more than mere crime in it. In this work he became acquainted with men like Inspector Williams, Byrnes, Devery, but also with Jacob Riis, who as reporter for the *Sun* was "muckraking" to help the tenement house people, Roosevelt when he was head of the Police Commission, and Dr. Parkhurst, whose famous exposures in the Lexow investigation were going on. More and more Steffens saw that vice was but one form of special privilege; that the term applied as well to the pickpockets who paid graft money to the police not only to avoid arrest but also to keep pickpockets from other cities out of town, up to the corporation which bribed the legislature for a corrupt franchise. So Steffens applied all the philosophy and ethics he had learned abroad in finding an answer to the question: "What is political corruption?" It was not vice, nor graft, nor bribery, but special privilege. Some bishop asked him, "What is the original cause of all this?" Steffens replied in these words: "Most people, you know, say it was Adam. But Adam, you remember, he said that it was Eve, the woman; she did it. And Eve said no, no, it wasn't she; it was the serpent. And that's where you clergy have stuck ever since. You blame that serpent, Satan. Now I come and I am trying to show you that it was, it is, the apple." In short, the ultimate cause was greed for money.

LINCOLN STEFFENS



In another place Steffens defines political corruption as "the natural process by which a democracy is made gradually over into a plutocracy." When Steffens went into the magazine field, first in *McClure's,* then in *Everybody's Magazine,* he worked out the task of showing how this political corruption found its way into the very heart of cities, political parties and states. He showed an astonishing eagerness in applying ethics and the philosophy of life to the actual conditions of American corruption.

In a sense, this is an old story, but it is so vivified, so apt in presenting conditions and present problems, and so clear in exposition and dramatic in story-telling, that one reads the two volumes not only without the slightest weariness but with the interest that one feels in a drama of life.

Mr. Steffens does not pretend to offer a cure-all for the evils he describes. The

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

The Winding Lane, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. A challenge to our "new morality," interestingly written with fine character portrayal. Reviewed April 1.

The Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping: McBride. Deeping's sensible if not original ideas about marriage and divorce in a machine-made story. Reviewed March 25.

Above the Dark Tumult, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. An intended analogy to Don Quixote which is dull and hard to follow. Reviewed April 8.

Non-Fiction

Men of Art, by Thomas Craven: Simon & Schuster. Reviewed in this issue.

Men and Memories, by Sir William Rothenstein: Coward McCann. Recollections about the quaint, the glorious, the madcap and the gifted of the last decade. Reviewed April 1.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Road to Culture, by Charles Gray Shaw: Funk & Wagnalls. A charming book with a fresh outlook on daily living.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

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hope he expresses is that such advances as have been made in United States and (as he thinks) in Russia will "carry through ruthlessly a plan so to arrange the conditions of social living and so to adjust the forces of economic life that not the cunning, grasping possessors of things but the generous, industrious producers and the brave, imaginative leaders of the race shall be the fit to survive."

R. D. T.

"MEN OF ART," by Thomas Craven (Simon & Schuster, $3). This is a book about which the reviewer who knows nothing about painting dares write because it was written for plain picture-lovers, for all of us who have had Whistler's dictum about monkeys as art critics quoted to us once too often, and who know that unless our tongues have studio patter on their tips they must be tied when we go to look at pictures. Mr. Craven's aim is to help the ordinary picture-lover who has become both bored and intimidated by artists and art critics to renewed appreciation. In spite of the title, his book is not another expression of the stupid contemporary interest in personalities rather than in work. It is a history of western painting told through discussions of those painters who are "typical of certain tendencies in the growth of civilization." We have no space to list the chapter headings. The book should be read and not read about. Mr. Craven writes well, clearly, directly, intelligently, with no wish to make himself out a great man or a pretty clever fellow. Once painting was "a common language, embodying collective beliefs and enlisting the powers of great minds." Most of us have wondered why it no longer is, and Mr. Craven's suggested answers supplement our own. We have wondered why a vital social function fell into decay, why creative writers play a great part in our culture and painters none, why the painter who was once the peer of kings is now at best a queer, negligible fellow and at worst a dubious social lion. We know that the artist no longer has a "cause" (what substitute is there for a common religious faith?); that the painter, proud and resentful, has solaced and deluded himself by making painting an esoteric cult of initiates; that the exploitation of painting by dealers is stultifying; that plastic arts cannot flourish except against a background of hand-crafts. But there is more to know. Mr. Craven helps us to formulate questions and to speculate upon answers. His book demands to be quoted, and we have no room to quote it. Even on ground where he has the authority of years behind him, his temper is not docile but speculative, stimulating and controversial. And on modernism and painting in America, although he will no doubt be accused of bias, he seems, to this "uninitiated" reviewer, magnificently sensible.

"MERE MARIE of the Ursulines," by Agnes Repplier (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The saints, the martyrs and the missionaries of New France have an inspired biographer in Miss Repplier. Last year she wrote of Père Marquette. This year she tells the lovely and adventurous story of the Ursuline nun, "mystic and executive," who went to Quebec to "teach little savages" in 1639, whose work survives in the great Ursuline convent of that city, and whose memory is cherished by all missionary teachers. It is to be hoped that Miss Repplier will go on to write of Breboeuf and Jogues and those other Canadians who are now saints, for she is a hagiographer after the modern heart. A delicate, indulgent glimmer of humor refines the adoration and strengthens the sympathy which she offers her saints; and the saints have always loved a brisk tongue and a high heart. The story of Marie is of the sort now difficult to believe. The hardest missionary life of today is easy compared to the lives of the indomitable pioneers. Mère Marie was not a young woman when she went out to Canada. She lived there more than thirty years and died in the convent which her labors had built. She was a powerful force in the community and her letters are among the most dependable sources of information on the place and period. "Richness of temperament is the salvation of the pioneer who is necessarily poor in goods." The temperamental richness, the spiritual force of these pioneers to New France, soldiers, priests, nuns, "King's Girls" (who went out to marry the farmers), gentlefolks and peasants, shines in Miss Repplier's pages. Her smooth, spirited, clean prose is a pleasure to read.—F. L. R.

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"THE Weigher of Souls," by André Maurois (D. Appleton & Co., $2). Almost every one who tends the seed of curiosity within him comes to a moment, in his development, when he longs to print his speculations about the human soul. Now that so much semi-scientific material is at the layman's disposal, it becomes a not impossible and more than ever tempting task to give to such dreams a concrete form. In this book, M. Maurois, long busied in the research of personality, lets his fancy play upon its origin and its destiny after

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death. Dr. James of St. Barnaby's hospital in London was once married to a beautiful woman who, when he left her during the War, fell in love with some one else and died. He now loves a fragile actress who cannot live much longer. Dogged by death, he becomes possessed with a need to know for certain whether there is an immortality. Night after night, in the hospital's morgue, he conducts experiments upon the new dead. He sets out to prove that some substance, emanating from the body, hovers around it as visible testimony to the existence of its soul. Finally, using a glass bell to encase the corpse and ultra-violet ray to penetrate the bell, he sees a miracle of luminosity take place which, for him at least, is proof. M. Maurois spins a poet's vision into story form. He has distilled, from idle wondering, an idea of beauty.

"MEN Dislike Women," by Michael Arlen (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $2.50). With his usual crisp efficiency, Mr. Arlen has turned out another unlikely tale punctuated by likely epigrams which delude you into thinking that there is perhaps more to his book than meets the eye. "There is no such thing," says Mr. Arlen, "as 'love at first sight.' But there is in men the urge to make infinitely desirable what is immediately desirable, and so it comes to the same thing." Then, on the basis of this illuminated generality, he proceeds to build up a plot of lovesick men and women, wherein a bootlegger king collapses when he discovers that the lady he has looked upon with humility is only a light one after all, and wherein a flapper heiress emerges from sexual bewilderment into the glaring sunshine of betrothal. The hero, a half-American Count, but French enough to offer a racial resistance to New York, embodies, for Mr. Arlen, that weary worldliness tinged with virility which is, apparently, a maiden's dream of perfection. It is André Saint-Cloud, telling the story in the form of personal reminiscences, who voices, for Mr. Arlen, those deftly phrased opinions which, when held up for close inspection, have the substance of last year's snow. Yet Mr. Arlen's book is readable: even the most ascetic sometimes relish a lush, green candy after meals.—V. P. R.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 534 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

The New Poetry

ROY CAMPBELL, South African poet and author of *The Flaming Terrapin,* has just published a second collection, *Adamastor* (The Dial Press, $2) which is crammed to overflowing with hate, spite, energy and genius. Adamastor was the Spirit of Stormy Cape—the Cape of Good Hope—who told of coming disaster on the voyages to India; and Roy Campbell is himself Adamastor, screaming and shouting and mocking at the whole human race, telling of disaster that is all around him. His beginning was dark; his ending, he fears, will be dark too; but in the brief and wild space of life that he knows today a stark and terrible light plays over everything, distorts it or covers it with glamour, blinds him with its brightness, and forces him to scream his bitter prophecies to mankind who, he knows, will not listen no matter what he says.

Roy Campbell is a genius—one of the very few to whom that misused term can safely be applied. How long his work will last, how long he can lash himself to produce it, are yet to be seen. For the present nobody writes as he does; nobody can use such astonishing and thundering verbs, such whirling and blazing words to describe a beauty and a terror that are almost madness, being too intense for reality. You may not like Roy Campbell, but you will be amazed by him; and if you want to know what he can do to you, read "The Albatross."

Young Christy MacKaye, daughter of Percy MacKaye, has just published her first book of poetry, *Wind in the Grass.* (Harper and Brothers, $2). Following in the family tradition, she writes buoyantly and keenly about the world, and she has one rare quality that too many young poets have not: an enormous enthusiasm for life. She is in love with the world, with herself, with every impression life makes upon her. She does not know very much that could be called wisdom, but she feels intensely everything that her senses can bring her; and she manages, if you are sympathetic, to make you feel as she does: wistful, wild, gay, excited, and willing to believe anything. She stands like a child on a hilltop in the wind and sun, delighting in the world. Her writing is often crude, variegated, even inchoate like the impressions it describes; and it is only partly poetry in the strict sense. But real naïve enthusiasm is worth a lot, and the book is brimming with it.

In contrast to the youthful MacKaye book is the newest collection by Leonora Speyer, called *Naked Heel* (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50). Here a wise older woman speaks, but does not exclaim. Here a highly gifted conscious artist gives you her experiences translated into a sort of music, full of orchestral contrasts, pointed with mocking or ironic notes at times, and always worth listening to. Leonora Speyer has won a number of prizes with her poetry, and she is almost the only poet one can find today who wins many prizes with short poems that are worth the awards. This is probably because she really means what she says, and never needs to manufacture an impression of feeling where no such feeling exists. As you read her work you respond almost electrically to her precision of thought and word, to her wit and sardonicism, and most of all to her warmth, her love of life which to her is never serene but always interesting and beautiful.

Another wise poet, but far older and far more serene, is "A. E.," George Russell, whose *Vale and Other Poems* (The Macmillan Company, $1.50) has just appeared. This poet looks back upon a world that no one may hope to live in forever, and tells in graceful verse how good it once was to be young and in the midst of things. Remembering the causes of delight and sorrow, he is no longer passionate, but instead thoughtful and resigned. A sharpness is missing from his work, as if the edge of life had been dulled and he was satisfied not to renew it. He ponders about life now, but its actualities are very far away. Probably one must be quite old and experienced to appreciate the point of view, and to trust the careful serenity of style, or find in the work something more than well-stated but remote philosophy.

The long-awaited collected volume of the poetry of Stephen Vincent Benet is now out. It is called *Ballads and Poems* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) and whoever reads it will know that any country capable of producing such a volume is in a healthy state, so far as its poetry is concerned. This shorter work of the author of *John Brown's Body,* some of it new, some selected from earlier publications of the last fifteen years, is thoroughly American, dramatic, imaginative, and superbly done. Mr. Benet has included only the very finest of his work, and in so doing has left out much that might safely have been included; but in pruning it down to the lowest limits he has made a notable book. Any one failing to buy it will be missing one of the finest works to appear in years.

BERNICE KENYON.

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Behind the Blurbs

ERIC LINKLATER is one Englishman who seems to be able to put Americans in a book without making them talk the queer jargon that passes among our cousins as Americanese. Not once do his characters say "Waal," or "I reckon," or any of the phrases culled from Bret Harte and the comic papers of fifty years ago. To us this seems a remarkable feat, for it is seldom that mere facts can shake the Englishman's idea of what an American should be. "But *you* aren't like an American," they say when you remonstrate with them that you, though American born and bred, don't talk that way. In *Juan in America*[1], with its wild experiences of a visiting Englishman among racketeers, circus artists, unreconstructed southerners and so on, Mr. Linklater has mastered the American idiom well enough for burlesque purposes, at least. ♣ ♣ ♣ Sir James Jeans, whose well-written popularizations of astronomy have given us a very clear idea of what goes on in the firmament, has gathered together a series of talks on the same subject, recently delivered over the radio, into a volume, *The Stars in Their Courses*[2], finely illustrated, which is the best introduction to astronomy we have ever seen. It is clear, readable, often amusing, and more inclusive and less difficult to understand than his previous books. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Dublin Letters*[3] were written by Jim Dublin, retiring head of an advertising agency, to his associates, his sister, and his nephew, who has just been put on the staff. "Homely business philosophy" in the modern manner, developing a modest plot, and often very amusing. ♣ ♣ ♣ Lady Eleanor Smith's *Flamenco,* published by Bobbs Merrill en' Co., is the good old Book League's April choice, and the Freethought Book Club lifts its voice for *The R. C. Church and the Modern State,* by Charles S. Marshall, and on that date *Men of Art,* by Thomas Craven, will set the Book-of-the-Month Club ravin', and *Mère Marie of the Ursulines,* by Agnes Repplier, doubly shines, for on it the Literary Guild and the Catholic Book Club great hopes build. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Forest Ship* is partly the story of the middle-aged German schoolmaster, Schwarz, and what happened to him when the dream of his life was fulfilled and he went on a cruise up the Amazon; and partly the story of the journey of Orellana, who first discovered the river. A gorgeous story, which brings you the mystery, terror and color of the jungle.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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2. Macmillan, $2.50.
3. By Lee Harriman: Washburn, $2.50.

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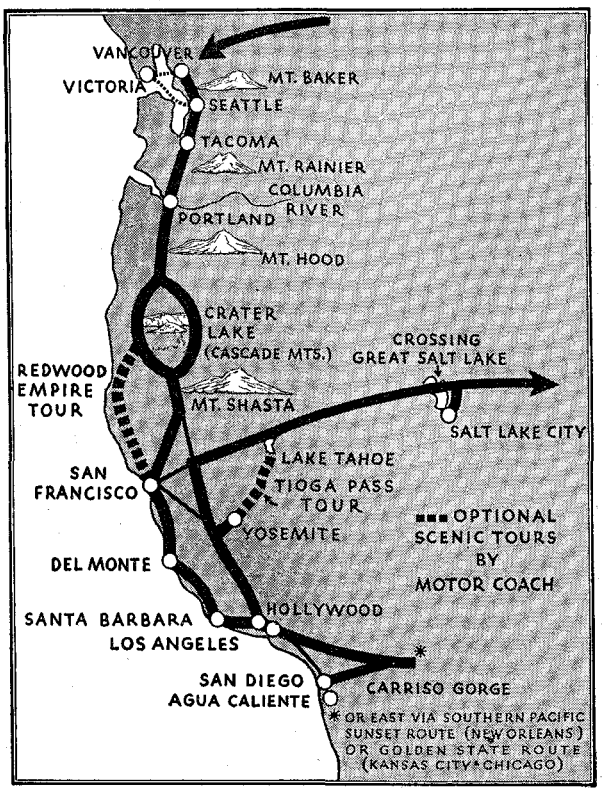

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The Latest Plays

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

THERE is probably something in the contract which the Theatre Guild has with Mr. G. Bernard Shaw which makes it necessary for them to produce at least one of his plays each year if they are to have the rights to any new ones he may write. If that is not the case, I am at a loss to know why they do it. At any rate, with twenty-eight other Shavian works to choose from, it is difficult to see why they chose *Getting Married* for this year's presentation.

Back in 1908 and in England I have no doubt that *Getting Married* was a vital play on a vital theme. The trouble with writing as provocatively as does Mr. Shaw is, however, that you are quoted and misquoted to such an extent that your works "date" much more than do those of dramatists who are not preaching sermons on topics of the day but who are simply presenting dramatic material. While Mr. Shaw was perhaps among the first to expound his theories of marriage, divorce, the Church and the State on the stage, he was certainly not the last, and now that his originally startling remarks have become platitudes the lack of dramatic action in such a debate as *Getting Married* is painfully apparent.

After a first act that is nothing but talk, G. B. S. (as he is often affectionately termed) does make an attempt to introduce a bit of movement into his static discussion by the entrance of the untutored but devastating Mrs. George Collins, wife of the coal merchant who is also the mayor of Chelsea. She is supposed to have a violent effect on various males who are above her socially but not up to coping with her as a personality and as a woman. At the risk of being ungallant it is my duty as your correspondent to say that the choice of Miss Helen Westley for the rôle was, to put it mildly, unfortunate. The scene in which Mr. Hugh Sinclair, as Hotchkiss, just couldn't help taking her in his arms and kissing her passionately was plain silly. Except for Miss Dorothy Gish, who missed comedy point after comedy point and whose voice was (shall we say?) inexpensive in quality, the rest of the cast was all that could reasonably be asked for, with Reginald Mason and Hugh Buckler particularly good. One of the actors told me that on the opening night of *Getting Married* the snoring of several members of the audience was only too apparent from the stage during the second act. That is what might be called effortless criticism.

This business of audible comment from the audience at a bad play has, of late, not been confined to snoring, either. Even on the second nights, when we who write about the drama for weekly and less frequently appearing periodicals attend the theatre, it has suddenly become almost the custom to "razz" the performers. The other offerings of the past week, *Lady Beyond the Moon* and *Right of Happiness*, were neither of them greeted only by the usual glum silence or stealthy escapes into the night. A large number of the spectators remained to jeer loudly at the ineptitude of the playwrights and the players. A very good thing, too, although it may seem cruel. It is like breaking the news of a tragedy to a friend: much agony can be caused by prolonging the uncertain misery. In the long run it is really kinder to give playwrights and actors such as those involved in the above two atrocities the idea as soon and as clearly as possible that digging ditches or washing dishes is their true vocation.

Lady Beyond the Moon is already closed, but I almost would advocate keeping *Right of Happiness* open as a matchless play exemplifying what J. C. Squire called "the beauty of badness." There is literally not one single thing right about it from the standpoint of playwriting, production, direction or acting. It does manage to have a sort of fascinating suspense about it, however. One sits enthralled, wondering if the author won't slip and insert just one sensible line. He never does; of its *genre* the thing is a masterpiece.

Recommended Current Shows

Admirable Crichton: Fay Bainter and Barrie's wit are the reasons for seeing this.
As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of Paris and Iowa by Rachel Crothers.
Civic Repertory: Last weeks of this admirable organization for a year.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook's amiable fooling set to music.
Five Star Final: Exciting melodramatic diatribe against the tabloids.
Girl Crazy: Good Gershwin. "Who could ask for anything more?"
Grand Hotel: Dramatic doings in a continental hotel brilliantly acted.
Mrs. Moonlight: Lacrymose but nice.
Once in a Lifetime: Season's wittiest lampoon.
Private Lives: Reopened with Miss Gertrude Lawrence feeling much better, I hope.
Sweet and Low: If the radio hasn't spoiled those tunes for you.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Katharine Cornell at her best in an interesting, if unbalanced, play.
The Green Pastures: Fortunately showing no sign of stopping its run.
The Silent Witness: Absorbing British crime play.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson superb as master of ceremonies of a Parisian night club.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Sensitive and moving play by Philip Barry.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce with Mary Boland.

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"A Connecticut Yankee"

WILL ROGERS is now palling around with King Arthur and his knights in a much rejuvenated edition of Mark Twain's story of the Yankee mechanic who slipped back into the sixth century for an extended stay. One of the most attractive things about this story is that the more you modernize it, the better it is. This is the third time Fox has done this film, but it is undoubtedly the best show of the lot—as well as the best film from the Fox studios in a year or more. Will Rogers is very nearly perfect, and director David Butler and his gag men have thought up a lot of nonsense which fits in beautifully. One of the more amusing reforms which "Sir Boss" institutes in King Arthur's court is a service station for knights in armor in which mechanics oil the joints and polish up the dull spots with electric buffers. In the final military expedition against the evil Queen Morgan LeFay (Myrna Loy), a helicopter, a baby tank and several hundred baby Austins are called into play. Purists may complain that Mark Twain's story has been considerably revamped in this edition, but the fact remains that the *Connecticut Yankee* is a lot of fun.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Edna Ferber's story of early days in Oklahoma—by all odds the best of the pioneer films.
City Lights: Charlie Chaplin takes up night life.
The Front Page: Adolphe Menjou as a hard-boiled city editor—a grand show.
Rango: Authentic films of monkeys and apes made in Sumatra.
Skippy: Percy Crosby's kids—everybody will like this.
Strangers May Kiss: Norma Shearer tries to "live her own life" but finds that love gets in the way.
Tabu: Beautiful and dramatic story of South Sea Island peoples made by F. W. Murnau.
Trader Horn: More animals than there are in all Africa—a good show with lots of suspense.

In German

Bockbierfest: Four German prohibitionists go to a beer festival to investigate conditions, and get cockeyed.
Comrades of 1918: Serious and realistic war film on the order of **All Quiet.**
The Girl from the Reeperbahn: A lighthouse keeper's domestic troubles when a shipwreck washes up a vampire.
Vienna, City of Song: Tuneful farce with pleasant songs.
Two Hearts in Waltz Time: Some of the year's jolliest music.

"Dirigible"

As long as things stay up in the air with the big ship, or down around the United States naval hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey, where much of *Dirigible* was made, this film is something to knock your eye out. Also exciting and spectacular is a sequence in which a dirigible breaks in two and falls into the sea during a storm. Undoubtedly models were used, but you'd never know it. Columbia and director Frank Capra have done a good technical job.

But, as usual with such films, the story, acting and dialogue are not only feeble but irritating to a degree. Jack Holt (your old cowboy hero) is commander of a Navy dirigible, while Ralph Graves is a stunt and long-distance airplane pilot. Fay Wray (who hasn't changed her expression in three years) is the latter's wife. She furnishes plot by keeping her husband from going on the first of the two polar expeditions in the film. She wants her man about the house, and love being what it is in the movies, the woman wins. There is a lot of talk about the superiority of dirigibles to planes which sounds like press agentry for the ships now building in Akron, but we'll let that pass. The fact is that *Dirigible* has some really swell sound and action pictures of the *Los Angeles* in action. In these the United States Navy gave full assistance.

One sample of the dialogue will suffice. Mr. Ralph Graves, arrived at the South Pole in a huge tri-motored plane, decides, against everybody's advice, to attempt a landing. The plane cracks up and burns to a crisp, the men barely escaping with their lives. At this point Mr. Graves remarks, "I'm sorry, fellas."

"The Finger Points"

The murder of Jake Lingle, Chicago police reporter who was also a big shot in the underworld, is first-rate movie material, but *The Finger Points* which follows the last few weeks of that gentleman's career never quite comes off. Every now and then you feel that Barthelmess and director John Francis Dillon have a grip on the situation, and then Hollywood gets control. It is all too improbable. Richard Barthelmess, a green reporter, is beaten up by gangsters for exposing them, and his newspaper refuses to pay his hospital bills. To meet these and other expenses not covered by a thirty-five-dollar-a-week salary, he takes five thousand from the gunmen not to write another exposé. Another difficulty with this film is the Rover-boy-like behavior of Regis Toomey, who takes the part of another reporter on the paper.

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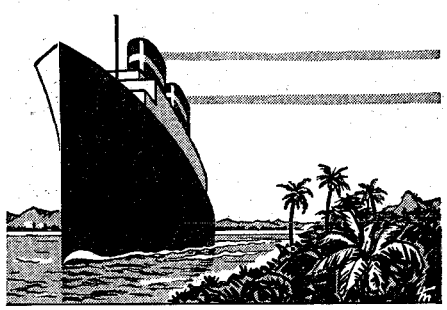

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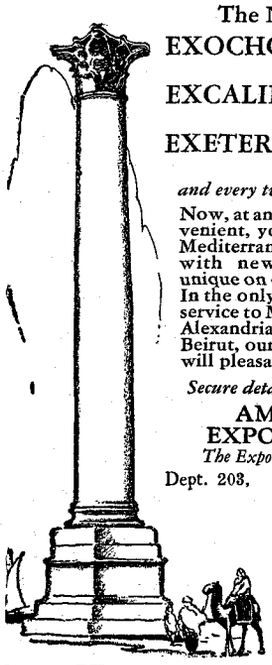

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Prose and Worse

On the lonely hilltop there is a pool.
Though the sun is hot, the water is cool.

In its depths, like thoughts in a tranquil mind,
The slim fish balance and dart and wind.

All day long it lies in the sun,
And the hours pass over it, one by one.

All day long it mirrors the sky
And the curious cloud shapes floating by.

And if my mind like the pool could be,
Lonely and lazy and fancy free,

Then like the pool it would mirror the sky
Where the great gold sun goes wheeling by.

But petty troubles, like pebbles flung
To frighten the fish that they fall among,

Shake the surface in circles wry,—
Break to fragments the mirrored sky.

So there are a thousand, instead of one,
Twisted reflections of sky and sun.

And from broken fragments, all unlike,
I can never know what the sky is like.

. . . . .

Said Mayor Rolph to Mayor Walker:
"At repartee you're sure a corker."
Said Mayor Walker to Mayor Rolph:
"You're pretty good at that stuff yourself, Rolph."

. . . . .

It seems to have caused some surprise that the presentation of a mirror to the sole remaining Galapagos penguin in the New York Aquarium has apparently reconciled that lonely bird to a life bereft of the society of other penguins. After the death of his comrades, this penguin brooded and pined, and finally took to his bed. He had apparently lost the will to live. Then he was given a mirror. Immediately he chirked up. Company had come. He began to take an interest in his appearance. Today he is as vivacious and gay as ever he was. As indeed, why shouldn't he be? He has a companion who listens attentively to everything he says, who never contradicts, and yet obviously is clever, handsome and well connected. A trifle imitative, perhaps, but we're told that imitation is the sincerest flattery. If he wishes company, he merely steps before the mirror and the company is there. If he tires of conversation and wishes to be alone, to meditate or to sleep, he steps aside and immediately the company is gone. If he wants company for dinner, and there is only enough for one, nothing is simpler. There aren't even any extra dishes to wash. It is difficult to see what more a penguin could ask of life. Back in the old penguinnery in the Galapagos Islands, things couldn't have been half so pleasant. Here his authority is absolute, he sets the styles, his wisecracks are received with the applause they deserve. It seems to us that those who fret at the fate of lonely wild animals, caged in zoos, might do something constructive by getting together a mirror fund to provide the captives with adequate companionship.

. . . . .

Survival of the Fittest

The only three buildings in Managua that were not wrecked by the earthquake were the General Motors Building, a power plant, and a brewery. In the good old days when religion was more of a force in men's lives than it is today, this would have been accepted as nothing short of a proof of divine sanction for these three important industries.

. . . . .

Mr. F. M. Speed contributes some worse which, though too long to run in its entirety, contains as its final couplet a sentiment which seems very pertinent in what with your permission we will call these parlous times:

"Fat or slim, that man is no slouch
Who can sit on a tack without saying Ouch."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

This Week's Contributors

Konrad Bercovici is a Roumanian who has written twenty books since he abandoned the life of a professional musician several years ago. He is noted for his gypsy stories. Mr. Bercovici was assaulted recently in New York because of his frankness on Roumanian politics, and by threats his adversaries have attempted to prevent publication of the serial now appearing in the OUTLOOK.

Charles Morrow Wilson is a young Arkansan whose first novel appeared recently. A non-fiction book on backwoods America is to appear next autumn.

William Pickett Helm is a veteran observer at the national Capitol, his writings having been printed for the last twenty years in both magazines and newspapers.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

THE learned music critic of the *London Observer,* A. H. Fox-Strangways, recently remarked that there are two usual ways for a conductor to put life into a "hackneyed classic." One is to quicken the tempo and the other is to distort the orchestration and emphasize proportions of the relations between the instruments in unexpected fashion. Then, as he added, there are conductors like Toscanini who manage to play old pieces and make them sound new because they seem actually to understand the composers' intentions and make them clear as never before. In this group must be placed Wilhelm Furtwaengler—particularly in view of his treatment for Brunswick with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra of the *Overture* from *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn[1]. It is a performance of brilliant delicacy of which the excellent recording is quite worthy. Three sides are taken up by the *Overture* and the fourth filled up with Mendelssohn's *La Fileuse,* played by Albert Wolff and the Lamoureux Orchestra with their customary skill.

Just the other day, in view of the prevalence of emasculated crooners, a lady was wondering how a popular song would sound sung by a "he man" with a good voice. Well, it must have been telepathy, for the doorbell was just then rung by a boy, bringing, among other nice things from the Victor Company, Lawrence Tibbett's rendition of *Lover, Come Back to Me* and *Wanting You,* both from the movie version of Sigmund Romberg's *New Moon*[2]. Mr. Tibbett gives the welcome impression of liking to sing these two simple little songs, as he does them robustly without a trace of condescension.

Another vocal record to be recommended, but, of course, of an entirely different sort, Mozart's *Che Pur Aspro al Coro* from *Il Seraglio.* It is charmingly and feelingly sung by Felice Hüni-Mihacsek, accompanied by an orchestra led by J. Heidenreich[3]. The soprano sings in German, so I am somewhat bewildered by the labelling of the originally German-titled opera in Italian.

In case my recent recommendation to get Bruno Walther's disk of the waltzes from the *Rosenkavalier* with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra for English Columbia did not spur you to get it from the importers, I am glad to say that it is now available through the American company[4]. It's really perfect.

O. C.-T.

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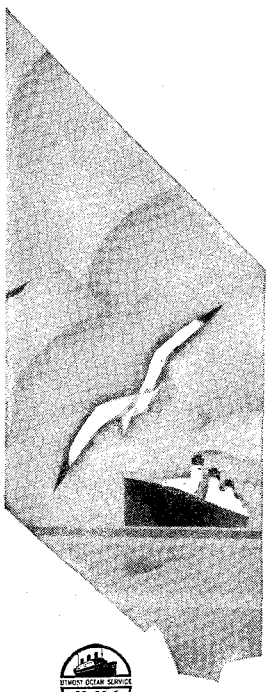
Helen Wills



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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 528)

nand was bound to survive him. Carol, who had never had any faith in Roumanian statesmen and had always believed that the mysterious death of his one child was attributable to them, grew to be more and more wary of his nephew and more and more contemptuously afraid of him. Ferdinand of Hohenzollern grew to be more and more impatient with his uncle and watched with dread how the older man actually grew stronger as the years rolled by.

In his book *Eminent Europeans,* my friend Eugene Bagger tells that Queen Marie had had an opportunity to become the future Queen of England when she was but sixteen years old; that the then Prince George had bluntly asked her to become his wife, and that she had refused. England will never know how good the gods had been to her.

Let us forget the petty intrigues and political machinations that made out of this young Coburg princess the wife of the heir to the Roumanian throne. Ferdinand did not want her. He was still in love with Helena Vacarescu. Marie was certainly not in love with him. He had nothing that could recommend him to a young lady of her temperament and beauty. She had not been unaware of his love for the Roumanian poetess. Royal matings — mismatings — have usually been of that ilk. There were many other likely young men that Princess Marie would sooner have married, but they happened not to be heirs to thrones.

In due time the turbulent young lady arrived in Roumania as its future Queen. For a brief period the princely young couple lived in the palace of the former Moldavian capital, Jassy. There, however, the sphere of activity was much too narrow for Marie. Having gotten herself thoroughly disliked by Moldavian society, she intrigued her way back to Bucharest where she had an opportunity to make herself disliked by many more people. While not yet on the throne, she knew the value of being in its immediate neighborhood. If King Carol had been given reasons to be dissatisfied with the impatience of Prince Ferdinand, the young princess galled him even more. For here was a young lady who asserted her superiority in everything, who paced the palace noisily and attempted to rule the country even while the King was still alive. There was no friendship lost between Carol and his nephew's wife. There was little subtlety in their quarrels. They were coarse and grossly spiced with epithets.

King Carol now reigned with half-hearted advisers, who always had an eye on Marie, no matter what they decided. They were afraid of her. She was an unscrupulous enemy and a treacherous ally. She had a Machiavellian mind and could be as reckless as Catherine the Great. When she could not win otherwise, she brought her charm into play . . . . and that weapon few could resist.

Marie lost no time in making her husband more ridiculous than he had been until then. It became clear that in the event of Carol's death Prince Ferdinand would only be a nominal King; that the power on the throne would be Marie. She entrenched herself well with the army, made friends among generals and officers, and began very early in her marital life to show contempt for whatever was considered good manners. Before the first child was born, her name had been coupled with this and the other man, and the scandal had become so apparent that even Ferdinand, who had let her have her own way until then, rose in wrath. Marie left Roumania and went back to England, and then royal peacemakers for the nation intervened when they heard that Marie was soon to give birth to a future heir to the throne. It was Ferdinand who had to bow and apologize before Marie came back to assume her place.

King Carol lived on. He took very good care of himself physically, hoping that by the time he would be ready to leave this world, Marie would have settled down and King Ferdinand would remain with but the memories of her turbulence. Another child and another was born to the Princess.

Before the war, besides the younger children of Marie, the royal household of Roumania lined up as follows: King Carol, Prince Ferdinand, heir to the throne, Queen Elizabeth, Princess Marie, and young Prince Carol, Marie's oldest son. The sympathy and loyalty that reigned in that house, with two legitimate heirs waiting to ascend the throne, can easily be pictured but can hardly be described. The air was never free of poisonous intrigues and political machinations. The King and princess and princeling were so busy parrying each other's secret blows they had no thought for anything else. King Carol was in the sixties and looked well enough and strong enough to live another twenty years. Had it been given him to live his full life, Marie would have been sixty when her husband ascended the throne. Prince Carol, Marie's son, would have had to wait at least forty years before he ascended the throne.

Instead of political parties, Roumania was governed by camarillas. The camarilla of King Carol was composed of rather elderly men and women who hoped that he would live at least as long as they did. A set of young politicians and pseudo statesmen, headed by Prince Shtirbey, Marie's entourage, watched anxiously the King's face in the hope of discovering that he was growing old. Had they lived at least a half century before, when it could not be proved by chemical analysis that they had hastened the processes of nature, Carol's end would have come sooner. A still younger camarilla circled around Prince Carol. They hitched their wagon to his stallions.

Because King Carol sided with the Conservatives, Marie, quite naturally, sided with the Liberals. Old Bratianu had died and left in his place his son, as able and unscrupulous as he had been, who was now at the head of the Liberal Party. Prince Carol was not on friendly terms with either of these parties. The antagonism between mother and son was in evidence years ago.

The European war found old King Carol in an anomalous position. He was the head of a government over which he had no control. Quite naturally, his sympathies were with Germany; though he had never been on friendly terms with Emperor William, who had continually sought to interfere in his affairs. Carol was a Hohenzollern of the Hohenzollerns; as such he hated the English and the French. The heir to the throne, Prince Ferdinand, was also a Hohenzollern, but his wife sided with the Allies and was against the Central Powers; a position which gave her considerable ascendancy over the Liberals and the people of Roumania who were not in sympathy with Germany and her allies. Prince Carol leaned on the side of his great-uncle.

Then, after several attempts to throw Roumania's lot in with the Central Powers had failed, King Carol concluded that death was preferable to leading his armies against the people of his own blood. In October, 1914, King Carol called his statesmen and friends to a conference. After a lengthy discussion on the war and its possibilities, he bade them goodbye and shook hands with them. There were tears in his eyes. The following day King Carol died suddenly. Those who respect his memory affirm that he was manly enough to commit suicide rather than to abdicate or do what was contrary to his conscience.

Marie was jubilant. She became Queen. It was understood that she was not to be the power behind the throne—

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that she was the power itself; that it was she who actually occupied the throne. European powers began to bargain with her personally for the use of Roumania's army. The strength of Roumania was put on the auction block to go to the highest bidder. When one of the bidders held back, he was stimulated by the offers of his competitors. The country was overrun with German, Russian, Austrian, French and English emissaries worming one against the other, and eating into the flesh of its moral substance. Seldom in the history of any people has there been as much corruption crammed into such a short period.

Even those who had been favorable to the Allies, and had preached intervention in their favor, began to see how much more profitable it was to remain on the fence. Despite her pro-Ally tendencies, despite the fact that most people in and out of Roumania were convinced that ultimately Roumania's army would fight on the side of the Allies, Queen Marie was shrewd enough to drive a hard bargain. She helped her sympathizers acquire the experience of statesmanship which later on augmented the territory of Roumania beyond the wildest dreams of the greatest patriots.

Finally, after three years of continual bickerings and bargainings, Roumania's hand was forced. Long before Roumania had entered the war, French and English generals and engineers had hammered the Roumanian armies into shape.

Of Prince Carol's record in that war I shall speak elsewhere. Suffice it to tell here that it was not glorious, that it would not have gained him even an honorable discharge from the Roumanian army, if he had been a simple mortal or even a general's son. He had been drawn into the war against his will. He fought on the side of the Allies who were unsympathetic to him. He had never been a friend of the Liberals, of the Bratianus and Shtirbeys who had cast the die. He was out of sympathy with generals, officers and soldiers. He believed he was fighting on the wrong side. He deserted in the face of the enemy, and crossed the border, into enemy country, while the Roumanian soldiers were still fighting. Other deserters were shot in the back when they were caught. Prince Carol was eventually crowned King.

Next week Mr. Bercovici tells of the efforts of Prince Shtirbey to hamper the prospects of Carol and to promote the cause of Queen Marie by entangling the youthful heir apparent in a web of liaisons and other intrigues. The title is "The Black Spider Spins a Web."

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With Our Readers

The Patient is Right

To the Editor: *Annapolis, Md.*

SIR—Miss Yost's article, "The Patient is Always Wrong," (March 25) should be read by every hospital nurse and official if it would do any good but it would not, as Miss Yost's article makes very clear. She might have added if she had known that this same cruel treatment is even carried into well-to-do homes unless the patient or family have pluck enough to tell the nurse or doctor that because a person is helpless they are not idiots or criminals. I have read a number of similar articles lately (none as well written) and have had volumes of experience in my own family, but what I would like to know is how and by whom can these things be corrected? A patient is usually too sick to fight so it seems some one else should.

M. MELVILLE.

-and Wrong

To the Editor: *Chicago*

SIR—Edna Yost's article, in the March 25th issue is such rot and shows so little real knowledge of hospital and general routine that my conclusions must be that she is one of a few who think they know everything about everything. If this friend is, as she says, "perfectly normal," why in H--- didn't she get up and pull off the rubber sheet.

Wonder if Miss Yost has paid her last hospital bill along with that doctor's bill.

Another article of rot like that and you can put my name off your mailing list.

THOMAS A. CARTER, M.D.

Those Testimonials

To the Editor: *Wilmington, N. C.*

SIR—I thank you for the article, "Testimonials, C. O. D." by Alva Johnston. This, together with the one in your issue of March 25th detailing the wholesale endorsing campaign of Constance Talmadge, are not only splendid reading but should make some advertisers ashamed of themselves. I am not unduly a pessimist but somehow I doubt if the latter result will be very pronounced. It seems like some of our strongest advertisers try to capitalize our lowest instincts.

O. F. COOPER.

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—Permit me to add my Amen to the article "Testimonials, C. O. D." by Alva Johnston in your March 18th issue. I sincerely hope Mr. Johnston will go even further and discuss some of the so-called "scientific" testimonials.

HARRISON H. MCCALL.

Political and Economic Issues

To the Editor: *Cincinnati*

SIR—In the OUTLOOK of March 25th, page 421, in an editorial on the Progressive Conference, you say, "prohibition—the greatest issue before the country."

It must have been the slip of the typewriter—you surely cannot mean that—your weekly is too civilized. With hunger lines in every large city, with evictions, hunger, suicides, and want in the midst of plenty, you tell us that getting drink is the chief issue before our people. Our people with modern processes of production have proceeded too much, so they march about jobless and peless wanting work and food and the OUTLOOK points to drink as the real issue confronting them!

Anybody with money can buy a drink without trouble—but not a job! The political and financial leaders are mentally bankrupt and have no plan—they simply wait for good times to come in a natural way: whistle in the subway saying, "it's just around the corner," or throw smoke screens and say, "why the issue is prohibition." It's all right for the troglodytic mentalities to shout this—but the OUTLOOK appeals to me as being a civilized weekly and this is my chief and only complaint. If it came from the prosperity boys I could understand the slip.

NICHOLAS KLEIN.

[*Editors' Note*—The OUTLOOK does not consider prohibition more important than unemployment and depression. In fact it does not consider industrial depression primarily a political issue at all as neither party can do much about it. Of the political issues, about which the parties can do something, however, the OUTLOOK considers prohibition the most important.]

Henry Ford as an Authority

To the Editor: *Fayetteville, Ark.*

SIR—Your editorial beginning "Why do the newspapers continue to ask Henry Ford questions on subjects he knows nothing about?" is very timely. Mr. Ford is the world's greatest genius in the automobile business and one of the greatest in any business. His advice and opinions, however, about almost all other matters where they are not harmful are at least laughable.

While Mr. Ford is perhaps the most conspicuous example that we have of a man expressing views on things he knows nothing about, there are many others. In fact, there seems to be a very well settled view in the minds of the American public that if a man is preeminent in one thing, he is, therefore, qualified to speak with authority on almost everything.

The truth is that when a man has risen to the heights of greatness in some one quality or field of action, he pays for his greatness by great deficiencies in other respects. The views of Mr. Average Citizen on a great variety of matters are generally more trustworthy than are the views of a great man when he gets outside of his own especial field.

JOHN C. FUTRELL.

Lindbergh vs. Hawks

To the Editor: *Rochester, N. Y.*

SIR—I don't know enough about sliderules in aviation to offer an opinion on them, but "Slide-rule Hawks" makes me sick! The fact that The Eaglet has been placed in the Smithsonian with The Spirit of St. Louis is certainly a huge joke!

Arthur Brisbane, the master (?) thinker, has been telling "the people who think," that Frank Hawks is the greatest flyer in America. I don't see anything "great" about his flying. He simply has the fastest commercial plane on the market, and he spends most of his time breaking records. Any good flyer who has a "mystery" plane can do the trick, if he wants to.

There is one huge difference between Hawks and Lindbergh: Hawks is a great flyer, and an even greater showman. Lindbergh is a great flyer, and an even greater personality. Lindbergh can do more for aviation with a smile, or a cut and dried question-and-answer interview in the newspaper, than Hawks can with a dozen speed records.

S. K. WILLIAMS.

Our Unfortunate Manners

To the Editor: *Lexington, Mass.*

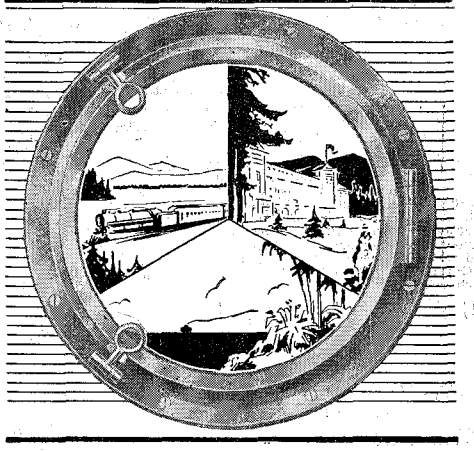
SIR—I wish to take this opportunity to answer Kip Ross (See letter, "On Shooting Editors," OUTLOOK, April 1) who comes from Missouri, who, because I dislike rudeness, calls me representative of a type too prevalent in the United States. Pardon me if I don't take offense.

Does the OUTLOOK and Kip think the benefit done "the people of this country" by a rude attack on a serious and—who knows—perhaps worthwhile piece of work, balances the hurt it may do the author—a hurt that is often hard to heal? Of course Kip is hard boiled, and the OUTLOOK is hard boiled, and people who like the OUTLOOK'S rude attacks are hard boiled, so that gives them the laugh on us fellows who believe in giving others a fighting chance. I will admit that we often wish we too were hard boiled—and perfect, but, well, we can't be Kips, OUTLOOK lovers, and Babbitts.

H. V. CORYELL, JR.

[*Editors' Note*—In view of the fact that in his first letter ("Shoot the Editor," OUTLOOK, March 4), Mr. Coryell described the OUTLOOK as "the most smart-aleck, rude, cheap, vulgar, and full of bad taste publication which it is possible to read" and bewailed the fact that there is a law against shooting editors, it is a trifle difficult to believe in his "I dislike rudeness" or that he is one of "us fellows who believe in giving others a fighting chance."]

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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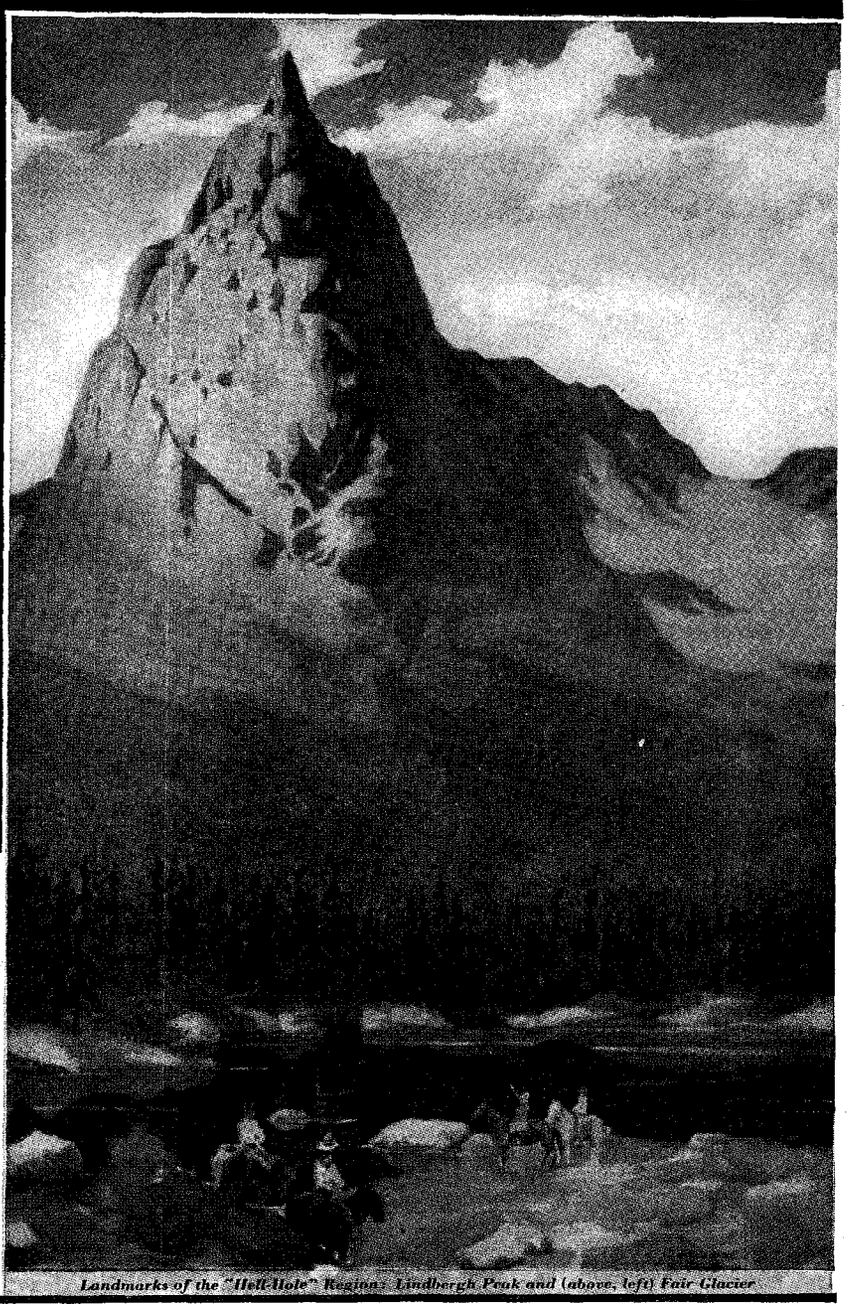

Landmarks of the "Hell-Hole" Region: Lindbergh Peak and (above, left) Fair Glacier

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